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THE SOUTH.

A KU-KLUX OUTRAGE IN MISSISSIPPI.

DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO TORTURE AND MURDER A MAN.

THE *New Orleans Republican* publishes the following narrative of a man named Steward, residing in Adams County, Miss., who had rendered himself obnoxious to the Ku-Klux-Klan :

Some time before daylight on Sunday morning, July 19th, I heard voices on the front gallery, and heard my name mentioned several times. As I stepped out I asked, "What is the matter?" The man nearest me replied, "There has been a great row in Natchez to-night, and four colored and two white men have been killed, and we were mixed up in the scrape, and we want your advice and help to get away." I replied, "I know nothing about it, and can't give you any advice what to do; and I have no means to help you with." I thought at that time they were colored men, for it was dark—so dark that one could not, unless by close observation, distinguish between persons. The one nearest me then said, "Come down the steps, I want to say a word or two privately."

I replied, "Wait a moment till I put on my pants and shoes." He said, "Never mind your pants and shoes, we have no time to lose; come, I won't keep you an instant." I started down the steps with him, and when we were down at the bottom the other followed. I was drawn a little to one side, under a tree, when a third party stepped up to me and placed a pistol to my breast, and said, "One loud word and I'll blow your brains out." The other two took each one of my arms and placed pistols at the side of my head, and said, "Keep silent or you die on the spot." I discovered then they were white men in disguise, and was satisfied they were Ku-Klux. They led me forward some distance to the road. On both sides of the road there is a hedge, in many places very heavy and thick. As we passed along the road others fell in and joined us until the number increased to fifteen or twenty. I was marched along the road some considerable distance, surrounded on all sides by men in disguise, and each man with a revolver in his hand. I was halted, and after some Ku-Klux cabalistic signs and motions, I was ordered to kneel down and say my prayers. The man who was with me from the start, when I was on my knees, stepped to the side of the road and brought a large can, and came up to me with it in his hand, and from a sign given, another of the Klan pulled back my head, and the one with the can began pouring the contents over my head and face. Another was with a large wisp of hay rubbing the stuff over my face and through my hair. One of the Klan said: "Don't pour it all over his head and face; pour it all over the body of the d——d Radical son of ——." I kept jerking my head from one side to the other so rapidly that the man with the can became enraged, and swore at me, and said he had me now, and he would give me a taste of hell on earth before he got through with me. He cursed me for a God d——d Radical son of a ——.

The ingredients were poured all over my head, face and body, and my night shirt and drawers were completely saturated with the ingredients of the can, which I have found out since were coal-tar mixed with turpentine and some other inflammable mixture. At this time the Klan held a consultation for a few moments, and then one of them said: "This place does not suit; let's go further up the road." They then took me further out on the road, and when they halted, the leader—I mean the one that had been with me from the first—told me to get down on my knees and say my prayers. One asked me if I had not said my prayers. I said, "No." He said: "You had better say them d—d quick, for you will be too d—d busy in a few minutes to have time to say them." The ringleader then stepped up and ordered silence, and said to me: "You are a member of the Loyal League?" I told him I was. He then said. "Give me the signs and passwords?" I told him I could not. He repeated the demand several times, but I kept silent. After he cursed and swore at me, and repeatedly demanded of me the signs and passwords of the League, I said, "You have me in your power; I never harmed you nor any one else in my life. You have already tormented me almost beyond endurance, but if you are not satisfied, do with me as you will. I am completely in your power, but spare my life; for God's sake don't kill me!" Some of the Klan said, "Set fire to the d——d Radical son of a b——h, and let him go to hell in a blaze, where all of his stripe will soon be!" At this I rose to my feet, and I begged, entreated, and prayed, and implored for them to spare my life. I was forced down on my knees, and was again asked for the signs and passwords of the League. I made no reply. I was then told to count ten, and that would be as long as I had to live. Some said: "Let's shoot the d——d Radical son of a b——h;" and others said, "Let's hang him, and leave him to be seen by his thieving carpet-bag associates;" others still said, "That is too good for him. Set him on fire and let him loose, and he may run and show himself to others of his crew, that they may see what is intended for all of them, for we will give all of them a small smell of hell before we get through with them."

At last one of them said, "If he won't count, I will count for him," and he commenced, "One, two, three, four," and as he said "four" I arose to my feet. "Kneel down, you d—d black-hearted villain," was said by several. I paid no attention to what was said to me, for I had concluded in my mind I would break and run, for I would much rather be shot to death than to be set on fire and turned loose to be devoured by the flames. I had not the least idea that I could escape, for I was completely surrounded on all sides by men holding in their hands revolvers pointed at my breast. I was repeatedly told to kneel down, but paid no attention to the command. The one that had been counting said, "God d—n him, he will soon be glad to get down. I will go on with the counting." He commenced where he left off—"Five, six, seven, eight," and as he pronounced "eight," I made one desperate spring backward, expecting to be shot to pieces. This brought me among those who were behind me. Two of them grabbed me by the shirt, which tore away. They then grasped me by the arm, but the coal-tar and oil, and other ingredients, had made my skin so slippery that they could not hold me. I broke from them and ran.

Several shots were fired after me, but fortunately none struck me. I ran about forty paces and then rushed into the hedge. The hedge was so compact that I could not get through it, but crawled in as far as I possibly could get, and lay there as still as death; they searched for me for some time, but could make no discovery as to where I had got to. After consulting a while together they mounted their horses and rode off. At the same time I heard the rumbling of carriage wheels, and the sound appeared to me as though there were two carriages, and convinced me that the party was mostly from Natchez. I lay with my ear close to the ground, listening to every sound, and long after every sound had ceased to vibrate on my ear, I crawled from under the hedge, and more dead than alive, I made my way back to my home. It is impossible for me to tell what I have suffered, and what I am still suffering from the effects of the coal-tar and turpentine. The hair has nearly all dropped out of my head; my eyebrows and eyelashes are all gone, and my eyes are nearly burnt out of my head, and my body feels as though hot coals were covered all over it. How I escaped is a mystery, and it was only accomplished by the Providence of Almighty God.

TENNESSEE.

THE KU-KLUX AND THE MILITIA.

THE desperate condition of affairs in Tennessee is perhaps, best illustrated by the following admissions of a Conservative correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing, from Chattanooga, as follows :

"By order of Governor Brownlow our legislature meets on the 27th of this month. Although the law requires the Executive to inform the members for what particular business they are called together at the time of issuing the proclamation, yet Brownlow is not the man to be trammeled with 'cumbersome precedents,' and so he merely states in his call that the matters upon which he desires them to act will be made known to them when assembled. The general opinion is that we are to have another taste of last summer's militia, though this is stoutly denied by many Radicals, who are too shrewd to see that the party cannot carry many such loads, nor the State foot many such militia bills as was rolled up against it last summer. Some say that the State finances need patching up—which is very true, indeed—and that this is the reason of the contemplated extra session, but the opinion gains ground with every move on the political chess-board, that Brownlow intends to call out that eminently patriotic body of men who lorded it over the State last year, and who are known by the high-sounding name of 'loyal militia.'

"They will be called out ostensibly to suppress the Ku-Klux and other rebellious organizations, to protect Union men, and shield the negroes, etc., but really to suppress votes that are in danger of going Seymour-ward. Brownlow owes a large portion of his fifty thousand majority last summer to the militia; and he is not a man who is very choice in his means when favorite ends are to be brought about. And if Tennessee has to support an army of colored and discolored militia for a season, none need be surprised. This loyal army will, of course, be made up of the same material that it was last year, namely, negroes, rebel deserters, jail-birds, and that peculiar and fortunate class of persons who, during the war, 'never done nothing on nary side,' except steal.

"But, until the assembling of the legislature, there is room to hope such is not the programme. There is no more need of militia in this State than there is in Massachusetts; and if they are armed and put in the field to aggravate the people and eat up their substance, we may prepare for a warm time; for party spirit is running high, and people are not in a humor to see negro militia domineering over them, when the large sums of money required to keep them up is wrung from the pockets of those who can see no earthly use for an army in time of peace. Last year, while the militia were in power, we had, on an average, a riot a day somewhere in the State; but if the militia are called out this year we may look out for something more serious.

"But not only to Tennesseeans is this militia question of interest, for it will require a large body of United States troops to preserve order, if they (the militia) are called out, and thereby will be entailed upon the whole country an expenditure altogether useless. All our troubles in this State would in a measure end, if we had a firm, Christian statesman to fill the gubernatorial chair; but instead we have a man who is no more fit for Governor of Tennessee, at this time, than would be a Fejee Islander.

"The Ku-Klux-Klan is a great source of trouble, and it is lamentable that such an institution ever obtained a foothold in a civilized country. It is even worse than the Loyal League, which has degenerated in this State until disgrace is brought upon the sacred name it bears. If both these secret organizations were removed from the State, the day of their departure would be the beginning of a new era for poor Tennessee.

"The Ku-Klux do no manner of good, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, but are an unmitigated curse, not so much from direct evil works as from the pretext they give our belligerent Governor to fret and fume, and arm a large army at the expense of a nearly bankrupt State to suppress them. A Ku-Klux proper is nothing more nor less than a man, with a high paper hat of various colors upon his head, from the extreme top of which a small light is hung, and a hideously painted and disguised face. So uniformed, his business and delight is to ride over the country at the dead hour of midnight, scaring the ignorant negroes and whites half out of their wits, and doing a great many acts which if not outrages are certainly disgraceful. On the night of the 4th of this month they appeared in many of the principal towns in the State, disguised and disfigured in a style eminently calculated to terrify those of stronger nerves than the poor negroes. The actual outrages committed by the Klan are few in comparison with what they are charged with, for whenever a man is murdered in the night, the Radical papers raise a cry of "Ku-Klux," and the actual murderer, many times, escapes by joining in the cry and spreading false rumors.

"Most of the members of the Klan are young men, generally without property and rather loose in character. To be riding around nights, scaring the negroes, and amazing the whites, has a smack of chivalry about it which is especially gratifying to the young Tennessee bloods who engage in it. If these amiable young men had to foot the bill for all the damage they do, direct and consequential, the boasted Klan would melt away like snow before a summer's sun; but unfortunately that is not the case, and a bankrupt people are taxed unmercifully to support an army of militia, whose business it is to 'suppress' this foolish organization.

"The Ku-Klux thrive best in Middle and West Tennessee. There are none of consequence in this end of the State, as the political atmosphere has a dampening effect upon such 'institutions.' It has been reported that they originated in this end of the State, which is a mistake; they first made their appearance in Middle Tennessee, and from that congenial soil have spread over a large portion of the South, though in far less numbers than is generally believed. But few as they are in numbers, and insignificant in deed, yet in conjunction with Brownlow they manage to keep the State in an uproar, which is doubtless gratifying to our Governor, who, ever since his early youth, has been like a thirsty fish on dry land when not in a row with somebody or something."

THE ASHBURN MURDER TRIAL—SOUTHERN PUBLIC OPINION.

[From our Special Correspondent].

ATLANTA, July20th, 1868.

ON the sixteenth day of the trial of the supposed murderers of Mr. Ashburn, John Peabody, the Solicitor-General of the Chattahoocie Circuit, within which the murder was committed, was called for the defense. Had this trial taken place in the court of the circuit, Mr. Peabody would have appeared as prosecutor, hence the interest taken by the people in his testimony, which throws as much light upon the official opinion of the murder as Mrs. Moore's testimony throws upon its social estimate. The important portion of Mr. Peabody's testimony I give you: The witness stated that in a conversation with Capt. Mills, the officer in command of the United States troops at Columbus, he had spoken with regard to the failure of the City Council to investigate the affair. Capt. Mills asked him it the City Council had done anything further toward investigating the affair than to offer a reward for the murderers, and the witness replied that as individuals they didn't care to know who the murderers were. A question put to Mr. Peabody by the Judge-Advocate as to whether, in a conversation with Capt. Mills, Mr. Peabody stated that the city or civil authorities were not disposed to prosecute an investigation because they did not know where it would strike, to which Mr. Peabody answered that he had made the remark as applying to the individual members of the Council, and not to any authorities; nor did he know that the feeling of the community was the reason that actuated the Council in their laxity. The witness, in reply to another question of the Judge-Advocate regarding this conversation, said that he did not say that the community at Columbus did not desire to push an investigation; he merely meant that, as individuals, they did not care to know who were the perpetrators of the murder. The witness was very particular in endeavoring to impress on the minds of the members of the Court that the community was anxious enough to bring the guilty persons to an account; as individuals they did not desire to know, nor would they make any strenuous efforts to find, who the murderers were. The gist of Mr. Peabody's evidence is intended to prove a very unlikely state of affairs. If the people were entirely ignorant of the affair, and placed any reliance on their press, which laid the blame on Mr. Ashburn's political friends, they would have believed themselves far from jeopardizing their own friends by searching for the murderers.—*Tribune.*

THE MILLICAN RIOT.

PARTICULARS OF THE SLAUGHTER.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Memphis Post* writes from Texas full details of the tragedy at Millican, now a station, and formerly the terminus of the Texas Central Railroad, which has a population of from twenty-five to seventy-five whites, and from three hundred to six hundred blacks. The place has but two or three stores. The negroes in and around Millican have had several colored orators among them lately, together with other men of no character whatever, who have stirred them up to a spirit of revenge upon the whites for the sum total of their many and manifold misdeeds and mistreatment in times past. These men, during the past three months have been (and until lately) silently engaged in drilling the colored men, who are all armed either with double-barreled shot guns or revolvers, or both, and sometimes more than one revolver. Recently one Holliday has been under a great deal of suspicion of having been concerned as a ringleader in the hanging of a negro man, who was found in the contiguous woods to Millican and in the Brazos bottom, and for which suspicion or murder nothing had been done by the whites. It further appears that either to prevent the escape of one of the Hollidays implicated in the murder, or, as acknowledged by some of the black men who were taken prisoners by the whites, it was resolved to avenge their comrade's death. To that end the negroes, last Tuesday, the 14th instant, to the number of from fifty to sixty all splendidly armed and riding horses dashed boldly into and through the town of Millican with the public avowal that they were going down to Holliday brothers' place—two miles from town—to hang Holliday; also saying that they had enough men to kill every white man in the county. The negroes proceeded on their way, but did not find Holliday and started to return. In the mean time Deputy Sheriff Patillo, who happened to be in Millican, saw the negroes depart, and apprehending the consequences, called together, and, "in the name of the law," pressed twenty or twenty-five willing men, most if not all, of whom were ex-Rebel soldiers, and immediately started in pursuit of the negroes, who had done no more as yet than I have here related. Deputy Sheriff Patillo and party met the negroes a short distance from town. A few words of parley ensued. The Sheriff, it is said, ordered them to deliver their arms and return to their homes. The negroes refused, and, as Bryan, the Bureau officer, remarked, "one of the damn fool niggers accidentally allowed his gun to go off." This was all that was wanted. It was but an instant, and in the next the whites had emptied their guns and charged upon the now terror-stricken negroes, who, leaving five of their dead on the road across which the Sheriff halted them, instantly formed into line of battle. Several of the negroes were wounded, and many of their horses were killed and wounded. The fight was not kept up, and, as it was getting dark, the command of white men, which had been considerably augmented by this time by old men, boys, and others who could get arms, returned to Millican. Messengers were immediately sent up to Bryan, a distance of sixteen miles, and to Navasota, a distance of only ten miles, and by 1 o'clock an express train came down from Bryan, bringing about 250 white men, who were all well armed, and looked as though they were going to a frolic. Guard, pickets and reliefs were appointed on both sides, and within hearing distance of each other. The principal leader of the negroes who numbered according to the prisoner's statements, between 600 and 800 colored men of all shades of color—at that time was Parson Brooks, who has lived in Millican many months, officiating as preacher, school-teacher, and President of the Loyal League. It seems that he wished to compromise, but on Wednesday another skirmish took place, and shortly after night upward of twenty negroes were dead. The number of wounded has not been ascertained, as the negroes carried off their wounded. Flags of truce passed between the parties all day long; and under the same, permission was given the negroes to bury their dead, which they did to the number of nine bodies. On Wednesday evening fifty or sixty of the Bryan people returned home. On Thursday, the 16th, your correspondent and his brothers left the City of Hempstead for the seat of war. On the same train a company of the 26th United States regulars arrived there, and as our party, about thirty men (including soldiers), got off, we were heartily welcomed, as information had been received from negro spies—against the rioters—that unless soldiers came upon the train the negroes, to the number of 600, under "Parson" Brooks and three other negro captains, would attack the town and the people in it—men, women, and children.

THE KU-KLUX IN MARYLAND.

MARYLAND DEMOCRATS RATIFY BY HANGING A "NIGGER."

[From Our Special Correspondent].

HARTFORD COUNTY, Md., July 13, 1868.

ONE of the most dastardly outrages upon law and good government occurred in this county yesterday, near Bel Air, the county seat. A negro named Moore attempted to rob a Miss Oldfield, a milliner of Bel Air, who daily walks to that town from her father's residence, about two miles distant. To accomplish his purpose, he carried her a little way from the road, into the woods, when he took her money, and then let her go. She positively declares that he attempted no outrage upon her person. As soon as the fact became known, the Southern sympathizing Democrats, the friends and adherents of Seymour and Blair, began assembling, with cries of "hang him! hang him!" The negro was arrested, and put in jail to take his trial according to the law of the land. The Democratic leader furnished the assembled mob with liquor, and then induced Mr. John T. Spicer, a Seymour and Blair magistrate, to issue a writ to the jailor, to bring the culprit before him for *further* examination. Immediately, when he was brought out, the mob seized and took him to the spot where he had committed the robbery, and there hung him. Not a single supporter of Grant and Colfax took any part in this terrible outrage upon law and order; and the people were averse to the lawless proceeding until they had been frenzied by the liquor furnished by the leading Seymour and Blair men of the usually quiet town of Bel Air. The negro, doubtless, was a bad man, and deserved punishment according to law for the crime he had committed. But according to the testimony of the victim, he was guilty of no crime punishable with death. Another fact worthy of notice is, that no relative of the young lady was present or countenanced the violent proceeding.—*Tribune.*

REBEL OUTRAGE IN VIRGINIA.

[From the Morgantown Post of Saturday].

WE are informed that on Saturday last, July 19th, a party of the Rebel Democracy in Clay Township, in this county, went to a church on Day's Run, where a congregation was assembled and engaged in religious worship, and after stripping themselves of their outer clothing, burst open the door, and cursed all Union men and soldiers who were there, and dared and defied them to come out and engage in a conflict. They were armed, and swore that they were prepared to fight for the Southern Confederacy. They wore the rebel badge of red, white, and red, and declared that it was the badge of their principles. They carried their demonstrations so far that the minister, the Rev. J. B. Henderson, was compelled to discontinue the services, and with a part of the congregation retire to the woods and conclude the meeting. The rebels asserted that they intended to carry out their purpose of wearing rebel badges, and that they could have two regiments of armed men on short notice to assist them. There are two lodges of Ku-Klux or other secret societies, organized under the auspices of the rebel Democracy of this county, which meet regularly at the place where this affair occurred.

HOW THE EX-REBELS TALKED IN BALTIMORE.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON, by invitation, addressed the Democratic Association in Baltimore on Thursday night. In speaking of reasons why a son of South Carolina should make open acknowedgements to the State of Maryland, he said :

"I remember that when I was a soldier in the glorious army of Northern Virginia, the sons of Maryland swept across the borders and again stood side by side with South Carolina in a great contest for liberty. (Applause). For three years I commanded a regiment of Marylanders, and here, on their own soil, among their acquaintances and friends, I wish to say that among all the brave and true men of that immortal army, none were truer or braver than the soldiers of White's battalion. (Applause). It belonged to what was called the Laurel Brigade, and when its Brigadier-General (Rosser) expected sharp and decisive work, I always knew it, because White's battalion was in front. He used to order Col. White 'if he met the enemy to ride over him,' and it would have to be a very strong and very bold party indeed that White would not ride over. Some of those gallant men may be present; if not I hope my voice may reach them, that they may know that their commander prays for their happiness and prosperity. As they were brave and true and honorable soldiers, they must now, with that same fidelity they displayed in time of war, devote themselves to the arts and the pursuits of peace; they must, as then, devote themselves for the benefit of their country, to upholding the Constitution, the Union and the laws, and go to work, as the most effectual means of so doing, for Seymour and Blair. (Applause). It is scarcely necessary for me to give this advice, possibly, as every man I have met in Maryland is for Seymour and Blair."

Col. Thomas F. Bowie was called for, and, speaking of the war, said it began with the purest patriotism, and though it was not successful it was to sustain the Constitution of the United States. With the fall of the South fell the Constitution, and it is now crushed under foot. The miserable traitors and conspirators, the Radical faction, had legislated unconstitutionally all the time. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the financial question, and said the bondholders should be taxed, "for they gave their money to prosecute the most unholy war ever known on the earth."

MISSISSIPPI.

EXTRACT from the letter of a Delegate to the late Constitutional Convention of Mississippi dated July 16th:

"The Constitution has been defeated by about 5,000 votes—defeated by the most audacious rascalities ever perpetrated in an election on this continent. Had every man been permitted to have gone up and voted his sentiments without fear, the Constitution would, I honestly believe, have been ratified by 30,000 majority. Prejudices and wicked passions have got such complete control of this people that the life of a Union man is in constant danger. Not only so, but such are being wickedly mobbed and murdered in different quarters of the State. Only a day or two since, B. H. Orr, Delegate from Harrison County, was foully murdered by a political adversary. For my own part, I have been notified time and time again to change my quarters, else I would be missing. Such is the state of affairs that, unless there is a strong probability of a change for the better soon, I must leave."

WHAT A SOUTHERNER THINKS OF GEN. LEE'S COLLEGE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Missouri *Democrat* in a pleasant account of an interview with Gen. D. H. Strother (better known as "Porte-Crayon") of Va., gives the following testimony concerning an Institution, the true character of which events are daily rendering more unmistakeable :

"I asked Gen. Strother what he thought of Gerrit Smith and Henry Ward Beecher subscribing money to Washington College, the institution of Gen. Lee."

"It is criminal folly," he said. "That school is the fashionable monument to treason, and there they are educating again the sentiment that made the war it cost nearly all we had to put it down. I don't say that Lee is indiscreet enough to talk politics, but to send their children there is the only way that Northern flunkeys and the more manly rebels have left to show their pride to treason. In that school labor and the tradesman are dismissed with the old cavalier sneer, and Ben. Wood's sons join those of the 'First Families' in decrying the North and its principles. It is a premium put upon overthrown rebellion to make this school a model to Northern and Southern fathers. There your flunkey Northern feeling manifests itself. What has a victorious empire, based upon Northern principles, to do with Robert E. Lee's college? That kind of humanity is worse than childish. It shows that you still hold in your souls a sympathetic feeling for the traitors you defeated. Of all mean, miserable beings, the Northern flunkey is the meanest. Richmond is a city of giants compared to Baltimore. I can always meet the defeated rebel upon fair terms; but the renegade Unionist is the meanest of God's creatures. He is a poor searcher for Virginia recognition. Our little remnant of pride finds fat in his fawning."

The above coming from the lips of a member of the F. F. V.'s, and moreover a tried Unionist, we commend to those whose mistaken philanthropy has led them to extending encouragement to one of the most virulent of Southern hot-beds of treason.

JUSTICE DOWLING IN A GOOD HUMOR.

ON Friday last a very unpromising politician was dragged before Justice Dowling at the Tombs, by officer Dorsay, of the Fourth Precinct, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and the Judge, who had just partaken of the enthusiasm of the Democratic Convention, held the following conversation with him, as reported by that standard Democratic paper, the *News:*

"Justice Dowling—Well, prisoner, what have you to say to this charge?

"Prisoner—Why, judge, it's all owing to the excited times. [Laughter.]

"Justice—What is the excitement?

"Prisoner—Why, the Convention and the nomination. [Laughter.]

"Justice—What has that to do with you? [Laughter.]

"Prisoner—Why, I'm a Democrat, and a good Democrat. [Roars of laughter.]

"Justice—Well, my friend, how do you like the ticket? Do you think the nomination a good one? [Increased laughter.]

"Prisoner—How could it be otherwise and your honor a delegate to the Convention? [Screams of laughter.]

"Justice—Ah! I see, Welch, you have some of the Blarney stone in your pocket. But you may go home; and as you say you like the nominations, be sure and vote the ticket.

"Welch—Long life to your honor and Ratiomour. [Great laughter and applause in court.]"

This is the first effect of Seymour's nomination on the judiciary. The Governor's "friends" may exhibit their elation at the result without danger.

N. Y. Evening Post.

NEGRO EQUALITY, SOUTH.

THE Indianapolis *Journal*, commenting on the recent canvass in the "Reconstructed" States thus speaks :

The "White Man's party" is evidently completely demoralized down South. Our telegraphic columns lately contained an account of a procession of Democratic negroes in Memphis; Joe Williams, colored, is recognized as a leader by the Democratic party of Tennessee; the Mississippi Democracy hold political barbecues at which the colored brethren are invited to the front seats, and eat at the same table with their white fellow-Democrats; a negro, Wm. T. Cambash, was run as the Democratic candidate for Senator in Washington and Sunflower counties, Mississippi, at the late election; the colored brethren participated in the Seymour ratification at New Orleans, and several of them had conspicuous seats on the platform.

While all these things are being done at the South, a parcel of copperhead zanies in the Northern States are mumbling the phrases "nigger equality" and "white man's party," and pretending to quake with the apprehension that they may be beguiled into marrying negro wives. Such fellows ought to be prosecuted under the Mississippi vagrant act.

REBEL OUTRAGES.

[From the Jackson (Miss.) Pilot].

GENERAL Jamison, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is in the city, and reports scandalous treatment at the hands of an organized band of Democratic ruffians, on the night of the 23d. About thirty armed men appeared around his house, and after making several unsuccessful attempts to enter, called him out. He, of course, knew too well their object, and remained in doors, ready to defend himself and family in case they were attacked. But the scoundrels knew too well the fighting qualities of the General, and made no further attempts to enter.

They remained about the house an hour or more, making most hideous noises and threats of murder and assassination, and they went into the back yard and took three carriages from the carriage-house, one of which they entirely destroyed, and considerably injured the other two. They next tore down all the fencing around the garden and yards, turning in the stock to destroy what they had left undestroyed. During all this time they fired off their pistols, many of which have left their bullets in the sides of the General's dwelling, and acted like fiends generally.

After all the damage possible had been done the Sheriff and his posse succeeded in dispersing the ruffians.

This is another Ku-Klux-Klan outrage which we ask the people to take notice of; the day of retribution will come, and fall with severest justice on the head of these guilty parties.

Can it be expected that Union men will always sit quietly down and submit to rebel indignities without seeking redress, even if it must be had by organizing themselves for self-protection? Unless the government takes these matters into hand and give them thorough investigation, let it alone be held responsible for the results.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

SPEECH OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON IN CHARLESTON.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON received a public ovation in Charleston on the 24th inst. Those present resolved themselves into a Seymour and Blair ratification meeting. Gen. Hampton was introduced, and spoke as follows :

"As I recognize, gentlemen, the right of the people to demand from their representatives an account of their stewardship at all times, I have come to render here to you an account of mine, as one of your delegates in the National Democratic Convention. This reason, of itself, would have been sufficient to bring me here; but there are others, of a personal character, which have made me desirous of seeing you. Four years—years in which a nation has died—years which have brought to us shame and ruin—have passed since last I visited your noble and battle-scarred old city. Then proudly erect and flushed with victory she stood holding the keys of our State, defying all the assaults of her enemies. [Here the voice of the speaker failed him, and he was for a time unable to proceed. Shouts of 'Go on! go on!' and cheers for Hampton.] Well, gentlemen, as I can not tax my voice so far, I will only give you an account of what we did in New York. [Go on! We can hear you, from the crowd.] It was my good fortune to be appointed one of the committee that framed that platform, and as it may be interesting to you to know how we arrived at the conclusions which have been announced, I will give you some of the particulars. As you are aware, there were upon that Committee one delegate from each State; and when we assembled there were great differences of opinion. Among other resolutions, there were offered some which declared that the right of suffrage belonged to the States. It was announced to us that they embraced good Democratic doctrine. I agreed with the Committee, but I said it seems to me that they have omitted one very vital point, and that is where were the States; that it was necessary to guard and limit that declaration so that we could tell at what period of our history we could go back and say who were the citizens of a State. With a view then to meet this, I asked that they might declare this question to have belonged to the States under the Constitution up to 1865. Some differences of opinion were expressed among the Committee as to the policy of this point, but all were united in the desire of producing harmony. And I must say that our fellow-citizens of the North met us in that Committee, as everywhere else, with the utmost cordiality and good will. They expressed their willingness to afford us all that we might desire in restoring our States to the Union. [Cheers.] As we were met in such kindly spirit, I could not but reciprocate, and knew that I represented the feelings of my people by so doing; and when the resolutions offered by the Senator from Maryland, which declared that the rights of suffrage belonged to the political powers of a State, were being considered, I begged to add a few simple words. They agreed, and I took the resolutions, which you will find embodied in the platform, and added to them, 'and we declare that the reconstruction acts of Congress are unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void.' [Cheers.] That was my plank on the platform. I wanted nothing else, for when the great Democratic party had pledged themselves to that; when they had declared that these acts were 'unconstitutional, revolutionary and void,' I was willing to wait in patience until that party would be triumphant, and apply the remedy in their own good time. I believe that the right of suffrage belonged to the States. I believed that it would be our policy to regulate it here as it would suit us, and other States as it might suit them. I believed we only wanted that party to pledge itself to the solemn declaration that these acts were 'unconstitutional, revolutionary and void.' When I presented that proposition every member of the Committee (and the warmest men in it were from the North) came forward and pledged themselves to carry it out to the end. [Cheers.] I must say they met us in a spirit not only of kindness and consideration but with the utmost magnanimity. And not only did those sentiments prevail among the delegates of our own Convention, but they animated to an equal degree those members of the great assembly of soldiers and sailors of the Federal Army and Navy, who, believing they were right, as we believed we were right, fought for their country as we did for ours—[cheers]—and now, believing the war to be over and their ends accomplished, came forward as brave men should do and extended the right hand of fellowship. And, fellow-citizens, if a man who has fought for his cause and his State as I did for my cause and my State—[great applause]—who, believing that he was right, and standing now upon the platform of the Democracy—[cheers]—will extend that right hand which so recently held the sword, and now grasping the olive-branch of peace I shall greet him as a brother. I yield, fellow-citizens, as you know, to none in devotion to our 'lost cause.' [A voice, 'We know that.'] I never shall declare the men who have fought for it traitors or rebels. [No! no!] I shall never seek ignominous safety or base promotion by a dastardly denial. Never will I do this. But I am willing that those men of the other side who fought only to restore the Union and to preserve the Constitution inviolate; who having done that are willing to meet us as brethren [cheers], should be met as brethren. Gentlemen, it is impossible for me to go on. My throat is in such a condition that every word I utter gives me pain. I can only make my acknowledgements to you and your Chairman. Our other friends of the delegation can tell you far better than I all that we accomplished, and all that we labored for. ['Go on! go on!'] I came, as I said, to you more to make my acknowledgements than anything else. I wish to grasp the hand of the comrades whom Charleston gave me in the bloody and eventful days of the war. I wish to thank you, my friends of Charleston, for all the acts of kindness that you have bestowed upon me. I wish to tell you how deeply they have touched me, how thoroughly I appreciate them, and how earnestly I shall strive to prove myself worthy of them. It may be years before I see you again. I may be removed from your midst. But whatever fortune fate may have in store for me, wherever I may be, whether I may be able to spend the remainder of my days in this land that I have loved so well, or an adverse fate force me to wage the battle of life under other skies, believe me that if ever this dear old mother of ours shall call upon her sons to defend her altars, if life and volition is left to me, none will respond to that call more promptly or more cheerfully than I. [A voice, 'We know that.'] And under all circumstances, everywhere and always, my prayers shall ascend to Heaven, invoking as I do now the richest mercies that a beneficent God can bestow. [Long and continued applause.] Gentlemen, among those many acts of kindness which I have received at the hands of the people of Charleston, none has been more gratifying than this. I can only wish, as I commenced by saying, that I had the voice to thank you as my

cart fools. God grant that you may be prosperous and happy, and that the success of that ticket which we have nominated may give to you once more liberty and Constitutional government."

The Hon. Charles H. Simonton then made a short speech, after which the band played "The Bonnie Blue Flag," which was received with the wildest demonstrations of joy.

THE PRESS.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

[From the New York Herald].

Seven of the Southern States having complied with the requirements of Congress, the act constituting them military districts has "become inoperative;" so the armed power of the Nation is withdrawn and the power heretofore lodged with commanders is "remitted to the civil authorities." Law and not the will of any man is now theoretically supreme in those communities. But what law? Particularly the fourteenth amendment, which Mr. Seward has just (somewhat superfluously) declared "valid to all intents and purposes as part of the Constitution of the United States." These Southern communities are now subject to their local laws, save in so far as these conflict with the National laws; and they are subject to the laws of Congress except when these conflict with the provisions of the Constitution. Just as the parts of the reconstruction law that established military authority in the South have now "become inoperative" and are put aside, so other parts of the same law will of course become inoperative and be put aside, as they seem to be superseded by the higher Constitutional enactments. Between the reconstruction laws and the fourteenth amendment there is direct collision on that vital point of Southern politics—negro suffrage. In the amendment the Southern communities may find full power to supersede and push aside the laws that establish this suffrage, and from all the indications we now have of Southern temper we cannot doubt their readiness to use that power at the earliest possible moment. In erasing negro suffrage they lose a certain weight in the National legislature; but they will deprive themselves of that to put their domestic institutions on a basis satisfactory to themselves. For this they will only wait to manipulate one State election, and so get the power that Congress has left with the carpet-baggers. To this effort they are manitestly invited by the attitude of the Executive, by the ostentatious announcement to them just as Congress has adjourned that the generals have no longer any power and that the fourteenth amendment is the paramount law.

Here we go, then, into another stretch of revolutionary possibilities, into another phase of the war of factions, as if to demonstrate that the newest republic shall not be exempt from the vices that destroyed all its historical predecessors, and to declare that forms of government give no security against the evils that flow from party fury and all other developments of political vice. Our future we can only study in the history of other nations. Was the fall of the Roman republic an accurate antetype of ours? Between the decay of the old republican forms and spirit and the next government that gave glory to the Roman name there were over a hundred years in which the State was alternately in the hands of one or another faction. Reaction from one extreme always brought the other into power, and the incoming faction found no labor so agreeable as tearing up all that the former had done and in initiating another organization of government from the most widely different principles. Laws were only made by one to be unmade by the other, and society—the people—every interest of the community was thus kept at the constant mercy of men who could see nothing that stood in the way of their party revenges. Thus the Roman republic went down, until its people so lost their great spirit that they could accept a master, and then the shadow of Cæsar's name, greater than Cæsar, consolidated the empire. Are we to experience the same changes? Was the government founded by our fathers only fit for a republic of five to ten millions of persons, and did the growth of the Nation render inevitable a change in its political system? And must we, in order to reconcile us to the system of the future that shall be suited to fifty millions, go through all the miseries of a rule of faction till we shall be ready to accept with peace a system that now would be repugnant to our Republican instincts?

As we stand we are in the hands of the demagogues. This most atrocious faction that we call the Radicals has cheated the Nation of the just results of its great efforts and victory, and thus starts the reaction that has threatened to bring into power the other extreme. But shall we fare any better with that other extreme? What can we expect of Seymour, of Blair or of a party one of whose orators is Wade Hampton, and whose platform is made in great part by the men who waged a four years' war to destroy the government? Seymour is rather worse than poor Pierce—a mere retailer of infinite twaddle. If his party were to win we should expect to see him withdraw and Blair take his place. Blair has promised in advance to take us back to the chaos of disorganization. He would observe Constitutional forms—that is, he would wait until he had secured a Congress of his own creatures, which he could certainly do by such a use of government patronage as has not been dreamed of hitherto. With that Congress and that President whither might we not be taken? And if the Northern people resisted, another war of coercion would be easy to start, and a Southern army, with a change of coat and colors, might march into the Middle or New England States under Wade Hampton to assert the authority of the national government. Events less likely have been seen. We cannot fancy that the radical faction is any more worthy to be trusted than the rebel faction; but we believe that Grant is safe; and as we have seen him in the war win battles in spite of the enemy in front and the politicians behind, we could hope that he might do quite as much again. His election affords the only promise of saving the country from such a future as an indiscriminate war of factions would involve.

ADJOURNMENT OF THE RUMP CONGRESS—TREPIDATION OF THE REPUBLICANS.

[From the New York World].

INSTEAD of adjourning to the first Monday in December, according to custom, Congress takes a recess until the 21st of September—not daring to risk the rickety "Reconstruction" project to stand alone until the Pesidential election. Although its reassembling in September is made dependent on the call of a committee, we have no doubt that the committee—consisting of Senator Morgan and Representative Schenck—will call it together. When the subject of adjournment was discussed in the House, Schenck proposed that Congress should meet again in October, assigning as a reason that the October elections in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio might furnish reasons for Congressional action. He was shamed out of this proposal by the sharp cross-questioning of Democratic members, who made it difficult for him to tell what Congress had to do with the October elections in those States. But Schenck had unwarily let the cat out of the bag and disclosed the real motive for an autumn session. The Radicals are fully resolved to carry the Presidential election by foul means or fair; and if the October elections indicate that the Democratic party is too strong, measures will be taken to prevent the counting of all the Democratic electoral votes. Congress will probably meet on the 21st of September with a thin attendance, and keep the session alive by adjournments from time to time until after the October elections. The Republicans will then be able to form an estimate as to how they stand, and they will stick at no political villany which may seem necessary to their success.

Precisely what they will do if they find the tide running against them, time will disclose; but the uncompleted legislation which has fallen between the two Houses by the present adjournment, shows how unscrupulous and high-handed they are. The House, for example, passed a bill forbidding any Presidential election in the States of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, and making it a penal offence liable to a fine of $1,000 and three months' imprisonment for anybody to vote for Presidential electors in those States. Another bill which was warmly advocated but failed to pass, proposed to distribute arms to the Southern negroes with a view to maintain their ascendancy at the polls. If the Republicans find in October that they are losing ground, Congress will adopt some gigantic scheme of disfranchisement, and will arm the Republican voters to put it in execution.

The country is in imminent danger of a new civil war to be brought on by the Republicans. A resort to arms to prevent a fair election and stifle the honest voice of the people, will not be submitted to by the Democratic party. We have waited with patience and have borne much, knowing that the party is a majority of the whole people, and expecting redress in this Presidential election. All we now ask is that the election shall be fair—that it shall be ascertained, by an honest court, whether the opponents of the Reconstruction policy are or are not a majority of the whole people of the thirty-seven States. If we are a minority, we shall peaceably submit, as minorities are bound to in a Republican government. But we intend that this rule shall be reciprocal—that if the supporters of the negro Reconstruction policy are a minority *they* shall submit, and abandon their usurpations. We are not going to allow our adversaries to succeed by excluding and disfranchising voters, or refusing to count their votes. We understand too well that the preponderance of physical strength is on the side of the *actual* majority—not with what a disfranchising Rump may choose to declare such—to submit tamely to anything but fair treatment.

It is their knowledge of the fact that the Democratic party comprises an actual majority of all the adult males of the United States, that excites the fears of the Republicans. They have no expectation of success without disfranchising whole States. By force or fraud they intend to make a minority appear in the election returns as a majority, and they are now waiting until the October elections to form an estimate as to how sweeping they must make their schemes of disfranchisement in order to succeed. This is the chief purpose of another session of Congress previous to the Presidential election.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1868.

THE UNCONQUERED REBELLION.

THE overthrow of the recently organized Southern State governments is the chosen issue upon which to reunite the rebellious forces of the South and North. Experimentally the colored men of the South are enfranchised. If by starvation and terrorism they can be intimidated and kept from the polls until the old ruling white class can, by voting, take possession of the readmitted States, that will suffice to end the experiment, and practically disfranchise the colored voters. If, however, force becomes necessary to cut short the Congressional experiment, it is the boldly avowed purpose of the Rebel-Democracy to again resort to arms. If the Nation, by or before the fourth of March next, is involved in another outbreak of war it should not be to any one in the least surprising. The conditions for it are ripening rapidly.

A strong undercurrent of public opinion in favor of justice and loyalty, despite the many cowardly blunders of Congress, has sufficed hitherto to avert grave dangers. But the temptations incident to a Presidential campaign—always very great—serve to dissipate this strong spirit which has hitherto been our chief reliance. Ever since the movement for the nomination of Grant began to take shape among Conservative Republicans there has been a gradual toning down of opinion to accord with his level. The Republicans of this State are ominously silent as to the abolition of the invidious property qualification for colored voters. Had impeachment carried in the Senate, and Wade been nominated at Chicago, there would have been no occasion for such ominous silence to-day. Had Gen. Grant at any time within the past ten months written a line in its favor, the Republicans of Congress would have initiated, and incorporated as a feature of Reconstruction, an amendment of the Federal Constitution, which, adopted by the requisite number of States, would settle the question of suffrage throughout the Nation upon a uniform basis of equality, irrespective of color or race. The silence of a mistakenly-chosen standard-bearer begets a more threatening silence upon the vital question of the negro's rights in the rank and file of Republicans. No better test is needed as to the essential unfitness of the candidate for the present great emergency—which involves the liberty of a race.

As through the war a discriminating public opinion pushed the halting President and timid Congress forward step by step in the right direction, so now, in the crisis which is upon us, we must appeal earnestly to the people, in the name of justice, to see to it that a long suffering, proscribed race, be not betrayed and plunged into still greater tribulation. Such selfish scheming of conscienceless political demagogues, acquiesced in by a faithless and time-serving church and ministry, we must thwart.

If the just appeal be unheeded, then will inevitably come a yet deeper baptism of National sorrow.

IDEAS OF AN ENGLISH WHITE MAN.

"A well-known English author, on a visit to the United States"—supposed to be Mr. Anthony Trollope, has lately written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a letter on "reconstruction" in this country.

After giving his idea of what reconstruction is—an idea which seems founded on the rebel version of it—the writer declares that "Tyranny never went beyond this;" and that "never has there been a more terrible tyranny imposed upon a fallen people." As he proceeds, the strength of his emotions seems to demand figurative expression, and he gives this highly poetical version of the present relation of the ex-slaveholder to the freedman, in the Southern States:—"The dungeon chains are knocked off the captive in order that he may be harnessed as a beast of burden to the captor's chariot." The fact which has given occasion to all this rhetoric is that, in the Southern States the franchise has been given to loyal blacks, and taken away from persistent rebels.

If constantly recurring instances had not assured us of the fact that inconsistency is one of the essential characteristics of the human being, we might be astonished as well as amused at this Englishman's estimate of the guilt of treason, and the proper punishment for it, out of his own country. As in the old story of the lawyer and client, it makes all the difference in the world whether it is *his* bull or some other man's bull that has been assailed. If treason against Queen Victoria should be deliberately plotted by her own officials—and then so vigorously carried out by the use of military force and all the aggressions of war in her own island that four years were required to subdue it—and if these officials, besides violating their oaths of allegiance, had deliberately made over to the service of treason such treasury funds, such munitions of war, and such other movable property as had been placed in their charge by the Queen, for the service of the government—and if, being at length defeated and seized, these high officials should vindicate their action, and openly declare that they waited only a favorable opportunity to renew it—how would our Englishman think that *they* should be treated?

In such a case, in England, as in every other country of Europe, punishment to the leaders of the rebellion would be a matter of course. Not only would there be no question about either the right or the expediency of inflicting it, but the whole loyal nation would echo the decision of the law that the *highest* punishment ought to be inflicted. Exceptional persons who should propose the infliction of banishment or perpetual imprisonment instead of death would not only be accused of fanaticism, but would have their own loyalty brought in question. If such exceptional persons were thought worthy of any answer at all, it would be replied to them that the award of any punishment less than death to *such* crimes would be trifling with public safety and the common welfare.

Well, the precise counterpart of this supposed treason has been enacted here, with the added perpetration of such special crimes and horrors as might be expected from men brought up amidst the corruptions of slavery, and bent on perpetuating that worst form of despotism. What has been done to the leaders in this rebellion? leaders not only unrepentant, but ostentatious in the avowal that they will try the experiment again, whenever opportunity shall offer? Every villain of them stands to-day in the enjoyment of his liberty as well as his life! Jeff. Davis is traveling at his leisure, and laughing at the obvious indisposition of the government to take any further measures against him. Alexander H. Stephens is living quietly at home in Georgia, except when he comes to Washington to oppose by intrigue the government which he formerly opposed by war. Gen. Lee is President of one college, and Pirate Semmes is Professor of moral philosophy in another. And now comes an Englishman to tell us that we are guilty of intolerable tyranny *because we will not admit these men to active participation in the government again* UNTIL THEY WILL SWEAR TO BE LOYAL AND FAITHFUL TO IT! As another eminent Englishman said: "Here's richness!"

Our Englishman seems to have quite taken leave of that love of fair play, that regard for the rights of the weaker party in a contest, and that freedom from prejudice against color, which are commonly imputed to his people. "For myself," he says "I am prepared to argue, if it be needed, that a negro is not fitted by his gifts and nature to exercise political power amidst a community of white men. He is so naturally subservient to the white man's greater power of mind that, when passion is over, he will always do as some white man shall instruct him."

Our censor seems to consider himself fully acquainted with the negro's "nature" as well as with his "gifts." He assumes his "nature" to be such that it would be quite useless to give him opportunities of improvement beyond the very limited ones that he has hitherto enjoyed. But, unluckily for his conclusion (we cannot call it argument), the reason he offers for this sweeping decision is one which equally applies to white men, and which has directed the movements of men of all nations, in all ages. The great majority of men, everywhere, gladly accept the leadership of "greater power of mind," when they distinctly recognize it. Nay, more: the majority of men make the blunder of *supposing* greater power of mind, and eminent fitness for leadership, in those whose present attainments exceed their own; not to dwell on the notorious fact that impudent pretension is often accepted as sufficient evidence of attainment, and power, and divine right to govern.

It was a white woman, not a black one, it was a Scotch hearer, not an African, who, when asked by the preacher if she understood the sermon, replied—"Wad I hae the presumption?" Implicit confidence, unreasoning and unreasonable, is confined to no race or nation, and the white instances of it are quite as obvious as the black ones. For instance: how much intelligence, think you, is exercised in religion and politics by the Irish immigrants to this country? Is it because Roman Catholic priests and Democratic Committee-men are *white*, that the green people from the green island so trustingly take them as leaders for this world and the next?

But let us look at another of our Englishman's *reasons*.

"In Georgia the black men, on these lines of reconstruction, would have the power of making all laws for the restraint of the white. They would be enabled to enact that a man should be hung for this or that so-called crime—a white man, if you will, for not taking off his hat to a black man."

This would be very bad would it? The injustice of this would be so gross, *if the negroes should be disposed to pass such laws*, that we must at all risks keep the law-making power out of their hands, must we? But how is it that our Englishman cares nothing for the fact that his clients, the Southern whites, when they were in power (that is, up to the year 1863), *did* make, and did *execute*, laws just as partial and unjust as the one that he conjectures as now possible to be enacted by the negroes? Until the Emancipation Proclamation (and after it, too, in a good many cases), the Southern negro who ventured upon any failure in the required tokens of subserviency—such, for instance, as pulling off his hat to a white man—was not only kicked and cuffed by the aggrieved individual, with the certainty of being hanged if he raised his hand in self-defence, but was also flogged, according to the white men's law, at the public whipping-post!

All the Southern laws, under the slaveholder's regime, were as carefully made, and as relentlessly executed, in the interest of the whites *against* the blacks, as our Englishman now *guesses* they will be for the blacks against the whites. If he really desired a *just* government, equitable dealing, "fair play," to the inhabitants of those Southern States, his argument against the black vote because it may be abused would hold, *a fortiori*, against the white vote, not only because it always *has* been abused, but because the avowed intention of the old voters is to restore the old state of things; and yet it is to the hands of these men (and, of course, for the accomplishment of their purposes), that he now wishes to restore, not only the vote, but a *monopoly* of voting.

Such sentiments as those upon which we have been commenting, from such a source, are suited to bring to mind the opinion expressed by that stern maintainer of human rights, the late Charles F. Hovey. He thought that there was no class of men more cold, more heartless, more devoid of human sympathy, more thoroughly indifferent to the triumph of injustice as long as their special interests remained untouched by it—than the class of *literary* men.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is understood to have come to this country on business connected with the international postal service. Is he willing that letters to black men should come from England by the same mail, and at the same rate of postage, as letters to white men? Is there nothing in the "nature" of the negro which forbids the concession to him of equality in this matter?

PERSONAL.

Hon. John M. Broomall has declined a re-election in the Chester district of Pennsylvania.

Col. T. W. Higginson has in preparation a lecture for the coming season, entitled "Literature and Democracy." His address is Newport, R. I.

The Rahway (N. J.) *Advocate*, of July 30th, relates the following incident:

"The First Baptist and the First Methodist churches in Rahway had each arranged to have their pulpits supplied by a clergyman named Miller, who was to be found at the railroad depot at Elizabeth on Sunday morning, and conveyed hence in a carriage. At the appointed time the Methodist vehicle drove up to the depot, and the driver seeing a gentleman in black promenading on the platform, accosted him, found his name was Miller, told him his errand, and finally took him on board and to Rahway, where he preached for the Methodists, though he is a Baptist preacher. The Baptists soon after found another gentleman of the name of Miller, also walking by the depot, and took him to their church in Rahway, where he gave them a good sermon. Both parties were pleased, which is more than can usually be said in the case of a double mistake, and all enjoyed the joke when it was known how much their sectarianism had been in danger without receiving any actual damage."

A correspondent writing from Northampton, Mass., says:

"Charles C. Burleigh's discourse delivered from the platform of the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., on the 12th and 19th ult., was suggested by the following words, uttered in Amherst, on the 7th ult. by J. M. Manning, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, namely: "Who, then, is an infidel? Any one who does not recognize the authority of Christ as final in all matters of faith." Mr. Burleigh showed very clearly from Scripture, from reason, from the experience of the past, as well as that of the present, that man could attain to all required truth and goodness without any knowledge of Christ as a historical personage, and without any knowledge of the Bible. Dr. Manning's doctrine would put all the Old Testament saints into the category of infidels, to say nothing of the multitude of the holy men in all ages who had no belief in Christ, nor acquaintance with the Bible. Mr. Burleigh's discourse was an able defence of man as a being made in the image of God, capable of unlimited progress, and an incarnation of the Divine. The discourse also vindicated God against the aspersions of the theologians, which make him guilty of the glaring injustice of consigning millions of his creatures to eternal misery, for not believing in a Christ of whom they had never heard. He also showed that the so-called "orthodox" were infidel as to many important truths clearly set forth in Scripture and revealed by the moral intuitions."

Abby Kelly Foster, who has suffered much the past two years from a dropsical affection, on Thursday of last week passed through one of the most difficult and dangerous operations known to professional surgery. It will be most grateful and welcome intelligence to her large circle of friends to know that thus far everything has been highly favorable and encouraging, affording substantial hope of her complete recovery. The following letter received from our friend Dr. E. D. HUDSON of this city will be read with much interest:

WORCESTER, Mass., August 1st, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND: It is known to you that our dear friend, Abby Kelley Foster, has for nearly two years past suffered much from a dropsical effection, resulting from a diseased ovary. This ovarian cyst could be reached and removed only by one of the most critical and dangerous operations known to modern surgery.

On Thursday morning the 30th ult, at 11 30, she suffered the fearfully hazardous operation of Ovariotomy. Sometime previous to the operation I was with her. Although she was much prostrated and emaciated, I found her in a very cheerful and hopeful frame of mind, full of courage.

After many characteristic considerations, she requested me to display the banners of her humane and christian warfare, as *testimonials*, in her room for suffering, and then, alone, went to the room, and with the most cheerful resignation, laid herself upon the operating couch.

At her request I etherized her; and in ten minutes she was in an easy, unconscious state, in which she continued, during the entire operation, and dressing.

The time consumed by the operation, and dressing, was some twenty-five minutes, when she was unconsciously and gently removed to her bed. The weight of the morbid mass and its contents, was thirty-five pounds. There was a very trifling loss of blood. In about one hour after the operation, she awoke to consciousness, in a blissful state of mind, and commenced ejaculating praises to God, for her great deliverance. She rallied from the influence of the anasthetic, and operation, very happily and favorably, with none of their frequently subsequent results, as nausea, etc. The operation was performed very scientifically, and expeditiously, by Dr. Kimball of Lowell, whose success with such cases, has rendered him an expert. It is now *Forty-eight hours* since the operation. She is cheerful and hopeful, her expression natural, voice strong, and her condition highly favorable for a speedy recovery. Nevertheless it is proper that I should say that she is far from being out of danger by inflammation, and other consequences. Still *there are now*, none other than the most favorable symptoms which betoken a speedy and radical cure. We are *now* justified, to hope, expect, and prognosticate the best of results. I shall, to-day, leave her. She has an intelligent nurse who has been trained to the care of such cases, and withal, is a very agreeable woman, which is a very essential qualification. I entertain the most sanguine expectations of her recovery. Her own *faith*, noble courage, and cheerfulness, are her sureties, with legitimate "handmaids." If she comes up out of the furnace of her protracted terrible sufferings, Phœnix-like, on the wings of health, newness of life, and with fresh inspiration for usefulness, it will be an occasion for congratulation, great joy and rejoicing. With the kindest regards, I am very truly yours.

E. D. HUDSON, M. D.

P. S. NEW YORK, August 4th—I have received a note from Miss Sawyer, the nurse, dated Monday 3d inst., *ninety-six hours since the operation*, which reports our dear friend as continuing comparatively very comfortable—symptoms good. E. D. H.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 3d, 1868.

THE pressure of an increasing population urges us, from time to time, to attempt some enlargement of those portions of our narrow streets where the press of vehicles and passengers is greatest. This process of alleviation began a quarter of a century ago with the place most in need of it, Washington street. About that time the city government required that when a new house was built, or when any considerable alterations or repairs were made in the front of one already existing, the front should be set back four feet. Almost the whole street has now undergone this process, thus becoming four feet wider than it originally was. The narrowest portions of others of our most crowded streets have been eased in like manner, from time to time; and now a very bad projecting corner at the crossing of two great thoroughfares, Tremont and Boylston streets has been rounded off, to the great convenience of horses and drivers, by paring away something from the sacred precinct of the Common.

The relief thus given to travel was unquestionable. But did the end justify the means? One of our most venerated traditions is the inviolable character of Boston Common. It is our treasure, our joy, our crown of rejoicing.

"To lose't, or giv't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match."

It was of course asked, what right had the city government to abstract even these few square feet, even to secure a public benefit, from a public pleasure-ground which, we have been taught to believe, was given on the express conditions that its area should remain undiminished, and that no building should be erected on any part of it; either of which restrictions being violated, the whole territory would lapse to the heirs.

To this it was answered that the Boylston street corner formed no part of the original grant, but belonged to a piece of land afterwards added to the Common by purchase. Still, as traditions may not, any more than "soldadoes," be endangered gratuitously, and as the first cutting of a loaf leads easily to the taking of another slice, it is now seriously proposed to widen Tremont street at the expense of the Common. Such a step as this, however, will not be allowed to be taken without the most thorough scrutiny of the law and the evidence.

To the usual attractions of our weekly Horticultural exhibition were added, last Saturday, the display of a fine collection of pine cones from California. One specimen, from the white pine, was nearly half a yard in length, and five inches in diameter through most of that extent. Some, from the sugar pine, were like pine-apples in shape, color and size, save that several of them were far larger than any pine-apple that appears in these northern regions; the largest, say, a foot in length and nine inches through. This amount of breadth, however, is attained only after the woody scales have spearated to release the seeds. Before this stage they look like perfectly solid bodies, and are very beautiful, having a rich, light-brown color, a polished surface, and a handsomely curved hook at the extremity of each scale. If the separation of the scales is hastened by artificial heat, it is said to cause a report like that of a pistol.

The gathering and transportation of these involved a good deal of time, labor and care. The sugar pine, though not the largest of the California evergreens, is far larger than any of our trees; and to get its finest products in their perfect state, it was necessary to climb the tree to a considerable height, saw off the branch selected, with such precautions as to prevent its falling, and then bring this carefully down before proceeding to get another. Then, in packing these for removal, each specimen required a great many wrappages of some soft and flexible material.

"The great trees" of California are cypresses, not pines, and their cones are of very small size, perhaps two inches by three, and not in any way beautiful. The collector of these had brought specimens of twenty-five or thirty of the kinds of cones growing in California. Some of these were very handsome in form and color, some grew separately and others were thickly grouped, and in size they showed every variety between the two extremes already mentioned. The Horticultural Society gave its silver medal to the gentleman who had brought these rare and beautiful objects.

During this dog-day weather, water excursions seem much in favor with a portion of our population, and six steamers advertise Sunday trips in different directions. I am reminded of this by seeing the fact stated that some people of Gloucester, in this State, wrote to the proprietors of the steamer plying between Boston and that port, asking them to discontinue their Sunday excursions. The reply of these proprietors, just published, says in substance that they conceive their work to be a useful, not an injurious one; that, in providing a means of healthful recreation at a time when so many churches are closed, and when most of those which remain open are but thinly attended, they consider themselves public benefactors, especially when they reflect upon the cruelty of driving horses this hot weather. They see a good many horses driven for pleasure on Sundays in the very town from which this remonstrance comes, and they suggest their own mode of recreation as preferable. In the matter of observance of days, they declare their agreement with St. Paul: "One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." And they close by offering a free pass to any clergyman who may wish to come and hold religious exercises on board.

These crowded steamers, and the throngs of people riding and walking on Sunday afternoons, and the large sale there seems to be of our half-dozen Sunday papers, seem to show the steady advance of a change in public opinion about Sabbath observance. The advocates of the old doctrine still cling to it, and still repeat their false statements about a Bible command for the observance of Sunday as a religious duty. Thus, the American Tract Society continues to publish new documents perverting the truth upon that subject; and the *Baptist Quarterly*, just published, attempts, in an elaborate article, to overthrow the argument presented by Chief Justice Read last year before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, vindicating the right of passenger cars to run on Sunday in that State. The article in question shows the meagreness of the author's resources. It dwells much on some typographical errors, and some mistakes on incidental points, in the published report of the Chief Justice's decision; but when it comes to Scriptural proof, it can oppose only denial and misrepresentation to those numerous and conclusive texts by which Judge Read has demonstrated his position; and it clings to those baseless assumptions in regard to the pretended origin of a universal Sabbath which its defenders have been obliged to manufacture, because the Bible does not supply them.

The defenders of Sabbatism on a Scripture basis, I say, still cling to it, showing no more honesty than of old, either in declaring their own doctrine or replying to those who bring Scripture and reason to oppose it; but more people than ever before have made themselves acquainted with the *true* doctrine of the New Testament on this subject, and these, and their children, will stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, and will no more be entangled in the old Puritanic yoke of bondage. NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 4th, 1868.

THE political situation does not appear to the vision of your correspondent a very bright and encouraging one. As in the past, we must rely for ultimate salvation from the disasters impending, in the frantic actions of the common enemy. The "practical" statesmanship of which the dominant party boast so largely, never learn of the dangers before them, until like the clenched fist of a rowdy seeking a quarrel, they strike them full in the face. The old adage that "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure" is entirely obliterated from their "Proverbial philosophy." They let affairs run hap-hazard, paying little regard to the teachings of experience, and content to deal only with what is before them to-day. Such policy is worthy only of ward-politicians. Whoso aspires to statesmanship ought to have some more worthy rule to go by.

The present danger lies, as all we have had hitherto, in the South. Two things are palpable—either none of the Southern States should have now been readmitted to representation; or having been, should have been sustained to the fullest extent of Congressional power. Neither horn of the dilemma was accepted, and there is great danger that the Republican party may be impaled on both.

Congress has admitted to representation seven States, hitherto subject to the reconstruction policy. Those States were entitled to all the aid Congress would give, so that they might be fully equipped for their own preservation and thus break the force of the new rebellion that early assumes more threatening proportions. Acting on the policy of Bingham, Washburne, Fessenden, & Co., never to do nothing right until forced to, and then do only as little as possible, Congress first tinkered reconstruction, so as to give the party of treason a longer lease of life, and now fails to give the newly organized States, any means of protecting themselves against the virulence of the treason, for whose active existence now itself, is in great degree responsible. Had Congress, when it adopted a reconstruction policy have removed all disloyal officers, all the ten States would have now been restored, and better still, have been able to stand alone. The majority of Congress seems to have sought the policy which would render its friends most helpless in the South. It determined to leave a poor and ignorant body of loyalists without land—the only effective way in which they could have been independent for political action. After enfranchising this class, and empowering them, with the aid of almost equally as helpless a minority of whites, to make loyal State governments, it insured that every possible obstacle should be thrown in their way, by directly authorizing the retention in power, if military commanders saw fit, of a whole army of disloyal officials. Thus Congress gave the active agents of treason two years of recuperative opportunity. How well they have improved we may yet learn more sadly than we now know. Learning nothing by experience, the Conservative noodles in Congress, continue the infliction—or allow it to be continued on the three States—Texas, Virginia, Mississippi—not reconstructed, as it is termed. As a specimen of their folly let me call attention to the fact that before it adjourned—thus in part deserting the field—under the lead of E. B. Washburne and Lyman Trumbull, Congress refused to do anything for the relief of the suffering loyal people in those States, either in the way of authorizing a provisional organization, or requiring District commanders to remove from office all those who are disqualified under the fourteenth article of the Constitution. The egregious absurdity of such omission—directly made too—is seen when it is remembered that the official terms of all these ex-rebels expired by limitation last January. Under the Johnson governments, two years was the official term. If they had any vitality before, they certainly had none since, except what the permission of Congress gave them. In Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, there are no provisional officers even, except Gov. Wells and Pease, having the shadow of a legal right to their places. Yet Congress refused to provide that loyal men might fill the vacancies. It would almost seem as if such stupidities as Washburne, Trumbull, & Co., were anxious to play the part that John B. Floyd, did so knavishly from '59 to '61, prepare the South for a new outburst of treason.

But to return. Another refusal to protect their own creation, was the refusal to give the State governments South, the means of equipping themselves for the preservation of peace. I refer to the bill giving to each Southern State, entitled to representation, arms for their militia, at the rate of 2,000 stand for each Congressional district. It was quite logical this. First, the rebels were permitted to remain in power during the whole period of reconstruction. This was equivalent to directing them to deplete the State and County treasuries, and to arm their friends, so that the new organizations when they did come might be as powerless as possible. Then in order that they might be sure not to become *secure*, the House under the lead of E. B. Washburne, declared it would not extend to its own bantlings the same privileges as have always been accorded to other States.

If, as seems almost inevitable, civil war shall again be rekindled, and the seven represented Southern States are powerless to aid in checking its beginning, or impeding its progress when begun, let the blame fall where it belongs—on such mole-eyed cowards as Washburne of Illinois. It is charged, though I am not able to assert its truth, that Mr. Washburne while resisting the passage of the bill in the House, went among Southern members and tried to quiet their apprehensions by suggesting that the loyal State governments would be very glad to lend them arms to equip their militia with, and that next winter Congress would pass the law he was then opposing, and the Northern arms could be returned. It sounds so much like the shallow politicaster that I am inclined to believe its truth.

It is quite evident that the Southern rebel leaders have once more gained control of the Democracy. It is as certain that they intend to destroy the work of reconstruction, even at the cost of another civil war. It is quite certain also that they are preparing for this contingency, in which they expect such aid from the Northern wing of the reaction, as will enable them to transfer the scene of strife to our midst, or at least make us share it equally with them. It seems almost as certain that a majority of the Republican politicians, with their usual habit of underrating their Nation's foe, are thinking all things rosy and pleasant; an easy victory for Grant and Colfax, and then a jolly good time in dividing the plunder. If they were but awake to the danger of the man, they might largely help to avert it. But they are not, and so we must look for the conflict to come in some shape.

The real danger—the vulnerable point in the Republican works, is as the key of them—the seven Southern States now represented. The rebel Democracy, are determined to destroy those State organizations. They prefer to do it if possible by taking possession of them. They hope to do this by having all the Democracy vote in them, and preventing as many Republicans doing so as possible—no matter what the means may be employed to accomplish the latter purpose. Failing in securing the control of the organizations, they propose to disorganize at any cost. The rebel leaders would rather obtain control of those seven States than elect their President, provided they can accomplish the first by means short of civil war and they cannot do the other without too violent a process. Failing in either or partially winning, they are almost certain to fetch up in a new rebellion. *This time their aim is to divide the government against itself; and to make the struggle co-extensive with the Union, instead of being sectional as before.*

The defeat of reconstruction before the people of the successful South, by Rebel possession of the new organizations, is the inauguration of a continued insurrection, culminating in worse than the worst fables about San Domingo, and it is sure to destroy and disrupt the Republican party—the only political organization, faulty and weak as its policy often is, which has the power now to resist the encroachments of the enemies of Republican Government on this continent. So far as I can see, the Republican managers fail to understand that the key of their position is the maintainance of the results of reconstruction. Those destroyed—to do which is the chief aim of the Democracy—the Republican party is destroyed. The manner of their destruction will alone determine whether disruption of the American Republic shall follow directly or more distantly. Sooner or later it will it will be sure to come. The astute Democratic politicians well understand that in the South the fight must be waged. They are throwing men and money there in lavish profusion. The Republicans seem to be doing little except quarrel over spoils which may too soon slip from their grasp. The Northern leaders are too intent on securing their own elections to be very anxious or exercised over the Southern situation. They seem in a majority of cases oblivious of the impending danger.

The times are perilous. The clouds lower about. They are the blacker because we have failed from the first. Still, the wild and furious treason of the South now being vomited so freely over the land, will from its very profusion and malignant insanity, arouse in season, let us hope the slow-blooded North.

ASMODEUS.

LETTER FROM MARY GREW.

CLARK'S ISLAND, off PLYMOUTH, Mass.
July 24th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

MY DEAR FRIEND: If I were to date this letter from Plymouth Rock, it would seem sufficiently accurate; for the influences of that "corner-stone of a Nation," so pervade and fill all this region, that on whatever spot you may be, you feel that it is Plymouth Rock on which you are standing and that the place is holy ground. You climb old Burial Hill, and read the well-known names on gravestones nearly two centuries old; you walk around Pilgrim Hall, and see and handle household goods which these old fathers and mothers of ours used; you sit down in chairs which "came over in the Mayflower;" you hear a spinning-wheel which may have been turned by the hand of Priscilla, while she listened to John Alden pleading Miles Standish's suit; you go into the Court-house and read the simple records of the earliest Pilgrim life, in the autographs of Bradford and Carver and Standish; and after all this, you may walk through old Plymouth's streets half expecting at every turn to confront a veritable Pilgrim Father or Pilgrim Mother.

This Island which lies four miles north from Plymouth, watched over, in the distance, by Captain's Hill (named for Miles Standish, whose residence there has made it famous), on the west, and by the Gurnet light streaming across the sea on the east, has its own peculiar history and associations. It was here that a boat's company from the Mayflower, on an exploring tour, landed and spent a Sunday, before the memorable landing at Plymouth; and the Island takes its name from the man who first stepped upon its shores, a mate of the vessel. The spot is still shown where Mary Chilton stepped as she landed; a spot interesting to visitors strong in faith and fertile in imagination. A large rock upon the Island is called Pilgrim Rock; there being a tradition that it served as a shelter during the religious services of that first Sunday on shore.

The Island is still owned and occupied by descendants of the Pilgrims; the chief proprietor being Mr. Edward Winslow Watson, a gentleman who seems to have inherited his renowned ancestor's gentle and courteous manners, with his high-toned principles. Though he counts seventy anniversaries of his birth, he is old only in years. The strong, fresh heart of youth beats within him still, and he is keeping step with the ever-onward march of the age. This place is a most delightful summer retreat for persons who are tired of the turmoil and dust and heat of the city, and who seek to recruit their energy. Sea-air, sea-bathing, and glorious landward and seaward views, such as no pen or pencil can depict, await the favored few who are admitted here. Added to these is the consciousness that we are in a charmed circle, the centre of which is Plymouth Rock, now guarded by the granite monument which reverent hands have raised above it.

As the years roll on, this rock and that which it commemorates, gather higher and deeper significance. The seed which these men of the Mayflower planted is to-day yielding harvests which they never anticipated, never prayed for, except unconsciously in those grand, familiar words, so often on their lips: "May thy word have free course; and be glorified!" Little did they imagine what would be *some* of the results of the "free course" of the truth of God. Still less did their immediate descendants apprehend the full development of the embryo fruit enclosed in the precious seeds which they sowed with patience and prayer, and watered with tears. Had they foreseen, even as much as we now see, they would have shrunk back affrighted from their work. The perfect freedom to advocate all sorts of theologic belief or

disbelief, orthodox or heretical as measured by any standard; the grand victories of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise; the wonderful progress of the Woman's Rights' Reform, which has placed woman by man's side, on the platform, in the pulpit, in the medical profession, and is clearing for her a path to the ballot-box; all these are legitimate fruits from our Pilgrim Fathers' planting, which we, their children, are gathering to-day. We gather them in grateful joy, and, in our time, are sowing seed for future harvests. Perhaps if our prophetic vision could discern what shall be the nature of that full corn in the ear, we too might weakly hold our hand from the sowing, or tremble as we drop the fragrant seed. To each generation, as to his first disciples, Christ says: "I have many things to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now." We, with two hundred years more of spiritual training, can bear, aye rejoice in, the sight of the waving golden harvests which would have sorely dazzled those old Pilgrim eyes; yet

"Other fields are spreading wide,
Green bosoms to the bounteous sun,"

That shall hereafter wave in splendor which our eyes are not yet strong enough to gaze upon. Blessed are they who do the work of their own time, diligently, faithfully, hopefully; and fearlessly trust the truth which they speak to accomplish its own results, the purposes of God.

MARY GREW.

SHARON SPRINGS.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN T. SARGENT.

"PAVILION," SHARON SPRINGS, N. Y., August 1st, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WELL! Here we are, at last, on the "retired list" for recreation, having left Boston at 8 1-2 o'clock a. m., yesterday, and arriving here at 10 1-2 last evening. There is no need that I go into any detail as to the romantic character of these surroundings so well known to all New Yorkers, and to the readers of your paper.

The "Pavilion" mansion in which we are now resident, under charge of John H. Gardner and Son, is literally as "a great city set on a hill," admirably well kept, comfortable in all its departments, and overlooks from its fine airy elevation a rich and varied landscape of hill and dale, with a perspective all around of twenty miles or more, while, in the vale close by, and in connection with these premises, are any number of neat little cabins and bathing houses, with healing springs as of old at "Bethesda" and the "Pool of Siloam," whose recuperative properties I am told are mostly owing to sulphur and magnesia, and what else is only known to the Lord and the chemist.

'Tis as good as a play, certainly, to stand round the principal "sulphur springs" at certain hours, and watch the expressions of fashionable ladies and beautiful girls while they are sipping these waters. I do not say their look is positively *ugly* or can be, but *it is next to it!* Now and then you see one who stands in meditative mood as if saying to herself, while the cup is held in suspense at her curved lip—"Well, I don't know ab o ut thi—or whether I shall try it again." And, occasionally, some old gentleman more accustomed to "Old Otard," "London Port," or "Burgundy," seems to muse anxiously after *his* draught as if *he* would say as a confirmed old toper is reported to have said after similar experience "My stomach is astonished at this." But we all know how the prospect of being beautified or rejuvenated will embolden the most timid to drink even gall and bitterness and to bathe in the same. There is no doubt that the influence of these waters on many chronic ailments is beneficial, so subtle and purifying is their effect on the general circulation. S—al gentlemen and ladies have shown me the indicati— —bur at their finger ends by the evident discolora—on of their nails. So you see we are getting tipped off very much like lucifer matches, and a pretty bundle of ignitables we shall be, forsooth, when we all get to be (some three or four hundred as there are here) *thoroughly charged!* Indeed I begin to have some apprehensions that so consummate and incurable a Radical as I, when thoroughly saturated with the sulphurous element, will need but a slight friction to fire me off amid so many Conservatives as I find here, both of the political and religious caste. But, on the whole, and thus far, we are a very orderly and well behaved set. I would that we could put all party passions with Andy Johnson at the head of them through the purifying influence of these "sulphur springs," except that he would be but a sorry sort of "angel" to trouble such waters. In hopes to meet you on our return to Boston, a week or two hence,

I am very truly yours,
JOHN T. SARGENT.

OUR RICHMOND CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHMOND, July 25th, 1868.

WE are in a terrible hand to hand struggle with the monster slavery, his contortions in the City Council at this time are desperate and sanguine. With the cunning of Confederate desperation the old rebels of the Council, with Wm. F. Macfarland at their head, aided by Gen J. E. Mulford, the recently appointed collector of revenue, have completely surrounded Gen. Geo. Stoneman, and made him surrender, and at their request by order No. 137 have removed the Loyal City Tax Collector. Annexed is the order:

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST MILITARY DISTRICT, STATE OF VIRGINIA, RICHMOND, VA., July 24th, 1868.

Special order No. 137—[*Extract*].

* * * * * * *

2. Mr. H. L. Wigand is hereby removed from office as Collector of Taxes for the City of Richmond, Va.

By command of Brevet Major-General Stoneman.
S. F. CHALFIN,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Another paragraph of the same order appoints Mr Edmund Winnie to be Collector *vice* Wigand removed.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST MILITARY DISTRICT, STATE OF VIRGINIA, RICHMOND, VA., July 24th, 1868.

Mr. H. L. Wigand, Richmond, Va.:

Sir.—Immediately upon the receipt in hand of this letter, the commanding General directs that you deliver to Messrs. John E. Mulford, Charles D. Yale, H. P. Clinton, and William H. Macfarland, Committee of the Council, all books, papers, documents, and property pertaining to the office of Collector of Taxes for the City of Richmond, Va. Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. A. CAMPBELL,

Second Lieutenant Fifth United States Artillery, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army.

Mr. Edmund Winnie the new appointee is a New York Democrat, came here an officer in the Union army, has married into one of the strongest rebel families, and is now the partner of one Greanor in the tobacco business, who was a colonel in the rebel army. They were the first to close their factory last fall when it was found that the blacks had all voted the Republican ticket. Mr. Wigand is a German gentleman, and gave the city a good bond, but the trouble is he is known to be a good Republican.

A Committee of Republicans will leave for Washington to-night, if possible, to have Mr. Wigand reinstated.

Mr. Winnie takes the Collectorship and gives the bond, but does it for the purpose of putting Mr. Julius S. Hobson, the old collector back, to transact the business of that office.

AVON.

EARLY ANTI-SLAVERY ACTION.

BY NATHANIEL BARNEY.

IN a late *Christian Register* under the head of "Early Testimonials against Slavery," is the following:

"A correspondent of the *Advertiser* claims that the honor of preaching the first Anti-Slavery sermon in this country belongs to the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, R. I., etc."

While I acknowledge that the Doctor was among the early and efficient Anti-Slavery agitators, and while I also remember the interest with which Harriet Beecher Stowe invests him, as the hero of her "Minister's Wooing"—I think the date of his birth, 1721, and his settlement in Newport, 1770, are *conclusive* evidences that he was nearly a century behind much associative and individual action, among which is the following:

1688. German Friends, or Quakers, presented the subject of slavery, in an appeal to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

1702. A practical testimony by William Penn, in a Manumission Deed.

1716. 26th day of ye 9th month—Record of the Friends' Monthly Meeting of Nantucket, that "It is not agreeable to the truth for Friends to purchase slaves, and keep them term of life."

Mary Starbuck, wife of Nathaniel Starbuck, Sen., and daughter of Tristram Coffin, Sen., was a distinguished and gifted minister in the above society, and her influence gave such inspiration to that Body, as resulted in the foregoing Minute; which probably had no counterpart in the religious world.

Her labors in this sacred cause were closed by her death in 1717; but her mantle has rested upon many of her descendants, one of whom was Elihu Coleman, spoken of hereafter, and another is Lucretia Mott, whose effective and continuous interest and action, through a long life, in the cause of human elevation and enlightened Christian progress, have given her an influence and prominence in the reformatory movements of the age, peculiarly her own.

Such an Anti-Slavery sentiment went out from that "Nantucket Christian community" (in recognition of the mission of Jesus, that "*it* was to break every yoke"), that it secured from the pen of Wm. Logan Fisher of Philadelphia, the following testimonial, in the New Bedford *Mercury*, years ago—viz:

"It has been computed that at the beginning of the 19th century, one-third of the people of Nantucket abstained, for conscience sake, from the use of slave productions!"

Mary Peasley, a minister from England, traveled extensively, in early time, through several of the Southern States, preaching in public, and laboring most devotedly, in the families of Friends, against slavery.

1718. Wm. Burling, of Long Island, published an Anti-Slavery Tract.

1729. Ralph Sandford, a merchant of Philadelphia, published a similar Tract entitled—

"The Mystery of Iniquity, in a Brief examination of the Practice of the Times."

1729—'30—Elihu Coleman, a grandson of Nathaniel and Mary Starbuck, wrote a powerful Anti-Slavery Tract, the original of which now lies before me, entitled, "A Testimony against that Anti-Christian practice of making slaves of Men." This was first published in 1733, and again (and perhaps again) at a later period. He was an esteemed minister of the Society of Friends. He died in 1789 in his nintieth year, rejoicing that that religious body was clear of slavery; Virginia Yearly Meeting being the last in 1784, and his own Yearly Meeting (Rhode Island) being the first, in 1770, to make it a disownable offence.

After saying in his preface that "he had found it hard to write against slavery"—he continues—"I am not unthoughtful of the ferment or stir that such discourse as this may make among some who like Demetrius may say—"By this craft we have our wealth, etc.;" and concluding as with Prophetic inspiration—"The Lord will yet again search Jerusalem with candles, and bring to light the hidden things of dishonesty."

ELIHU COLEMAN.

NANTUCKET, 20th of ye 11th mo. 1729-30.

1729.—The following pertinent appeal was made to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, by Chester, Pa. Quarterly Meeting, viz.: "Inasmuch as we are restricted by a rule of discipline from being concerned in fetching or importing negro slaves from their own country, whether it is not as reasonable that we should be restricted from buying them when imported?"

The foregoing dates bring us down to a period forty years prior to the settlement of Dr. Hopkins in Newport; and what an amount of Anti-Slavery preaching, remonstrance and entreaty must have preceded such an advanced position as the foregoing facts establish!

Anti-Slavery advocates (whom my limits do not even allow me to name) were now greatly increased, showing that this early initiatory action had been blessed with great results. Among these advocates, *and very prominent, too*, was John Woolman, born in Northampton, Burlington County, N. J., in 1720; who became a minister in early life; after which he traveled very extensively, in the different Yearly Meetings in America, and thereafter to England, on his mission of love and humanity, where he died in 1773.

In 1758 he attended his own, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. On that occasion he said: "Tears were my meat day and night. The case of slave-keeping lay heavy upon me, nor did I find any engagement to speak directly to any other matter before the meeting." He entreated "firmness and constancy to duty," assuming if this were neglected that, "it may be by terrible things in righteousness. God will answer us in this matter."

In 1760 he visited New England, and when in and around Newport, R. I., "on account of the great number of slaves there, he was deeply affected." He said: "In families where I lodged, I felt an engagement to have a conference with them, in private, concerning their slaves," etc.

He continued—"I went to the Yearly Meeting at Newport, where I understood a large number of slaves were imported from Africa, and there for sale by a member of our society."

Failing of an opportunity to address the House of Assembly, then in session, he "prepared a short Essay of a Petition to be presented to the Legislature, that the importation of slaves might be discouraged," etc. At the end of the Yearly Meeting, he sought, and obtained a conference "with the ministers, elders and overseers;" and at the end of his devoted labors, he said: "I am humbly thankful to God, who supported my mind, and preserved me in a good degree of resignation through these trials;" adding, "To speak close and home to them who entertain us, on points that relate to their outward interest, is hard labor."

Previously, in speaking of slavery and the slave-trade, as if with the intuition of a Seer, he said—"In future, the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once or twice, but as a matter fixed in my mind."

While I have not hesitated in the foregoing, to give the co-operative instrumentality of women, I am not unmindful that many consider *their* offerings as Apocryphal; but Anti-Slavery people will remember that the pamphlet by Elizabeth Heyrick, entitled, "Immediate, not Gradual Emancipation," led Clarkson, Wilberforce and Buxton to a course of action, which resulted in West India emancipation; and it was through the energy and co-operation of women, that the Friends at an earlier date presented *the first* petition to Parliament for the abolition of the slave-trade in the British Dominions. And who that ever listened to the deep impressive tones of expostulation and entreaty for justice and right to the bondman, from Elizabeth Coggeshall and Lucretia Mott could, for a moment believe, that such appeals in the assemblies of the people, had been uttered in vain?

Neither can we ever forget "the honorable women, not a few," who by their presence and self-sacrifices, "through good report, and through evil report," sustained our beloved Garrison in the deepest tide of his more practical and eventful Anti-Slavery struggle. Their martyr-spirit heeded not the combined opposition of the Church—the State and the mob; in view of which H. W. Beecher might well say: "These women will hereafter shine as constellations, while the men," (including himself), "will be lights scarcely discernible in the firmament of Heaven!"

And now while I cordially admit with Channing that Dr. H. had many qualities fitting him for a reformer, I cannot however accord to him, in the language of the *Advertiser*, "the honor of preaching the first Anti-Slavery sermon in this country," inasmuch as the record of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1688 preceded the settlement of the Doctor 82 years; being a long period of time, in which there was "line upon line and precept upon precept," embracing a work for humanity which can scarcely be estimated, and in advocacy of which John Woolman, especially, had devoted his best years, made memorable by labor and suffering and sacrifices, long before *the settlement* of Doctor H., in Newport!

And while the churches were thus agitated, a most powerful instrumentality was exerted to test the rights of the slave judicially.

His advocate was William Rotch, Sen,, whose connection with the Starbuck family, by marriage, had strengthened his own ever active, philanthropic, and noble impulses. On the arrival of one of his whaling vessels, having a slave who had performed the voyage, and whose pretended owner demanded his share of the oil, a prompt and unmistakable refusal to deliver it, induced the claimant to appeal to the law, with a result which invested the slave with the proceeds of his service and toil! This decision, so gratifying to his defender and friend, was a practical evidence that, at that time, Massachusetts had no affiliation with slavery!

The example of this good man was most potential, too, with reference to prejudice against color. On the occasion of a religious visit, as companion of Nathan Hunt, to the meetings around New Bedford, they were hospitably entertained by Paul Cuffee, a descendant of an African slave. The dinner hour came, and with it the refusal of those distinguished guests to a place at the table, till the host and his family were seated beside them. I well remember, at the distance of more than sixty years, with what interest Wm. Rotch, on his return home, recited the incidents of that visit.

Paul Cuffee, then captain and owner of the vessel, laden I believe with sperm oil, went to Liverpool, England; and while in that city, Wm. Rathbone, (afterwards Mayor), gave a party to that "philanthropic negro." Referring to the event in 1845, the ex-Mayor told me, that in answer to his servant, he instructed him, "first to wait on Capt. Cuffee, and thereafter on the other guests," among whom were some of the distinguished English nobility.

And now in conclusion of this article, and with reference to the individuals named therein, the declaration of the Psalmist presents itself with especial significance—"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Poughkeepsie, 6th mo., 1868.

P. S.—A *memorable* fact I gather from the "Canton, Ohio, Repository"—viz: "Among all the descendants of Mayhew and Mary Folger, formerly of Nantucket, not one can be found that has not always borne faithful testimony against human slavery."

Their forefather, Peter Folger, the grandfather of Doctor Franklin, accompanied Tristram Coffin as a pioneer adventurer to Nantucket.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

[For the Standard.]

I know not either heaven or hell;
God is, and we exist in him:
And knowing this, however dim
My sight, I see that all is well.

Ay! dim indeed: beyond the abyss
That skirts our poor horizon's rim,
I look in vain, yet trust in Him;
The abysmal also must be his.

My creed is but a single word:
"God" only is my prayer, my hymn;
Living or dying, through the dim
Far future I see God the Lord.

W. J. LINTON.

July 30th, 1868.

LITERARY.

THE USE OF TOBACCO, and the evils, physical, mental, moral and social, resulting therefrom. By. John H. Griscom, M. D., New York: G. P. Putnam and Son, 661 Broadway.

We cannot too earnestly commend to the attention of our readers, a very neatly printed pamphlet with the above title, by Dr. Griscom of this city, recently issued by Messrs. Putnam. It is sold at the low price of twenty-five cents. Destructive as the use of tobacco is shown to be, and numerous as are its victims, this authoritative and ably written treatise, full of warning and instruction, should be widely circulated. It may be ordered direct from the Publishers, or it may be had of Mr. Wm. P. Tomlinson, publisher, No. 39 Nassau street. We present extracts as follows:

THE USE OF TOBACCO AND ITS EVILS.

The effects of tobacco upon the physiological organs and functions are as clearly manifest and understood as those of any other medicinal substance. It has long been included as an article of the Materia Medica, and is as well known to possess properties available for the treatment of certain diseases, as is Opium, Ipecacuanha, Digitalis, Belladonna, Camphor, or any other.

Like most other medicinal vegetables, its peculiar powers are dependent upon a special ingredient, which is capable of being extracted in a separate and distinct form, and which, in its natural state, is distributed through the whole structure of the plant. This ingredient is in the form of a volatile oil, obtainable by distillation at a high temperature, and in which the peculiar properties of the plant are nearly all concentrated. It is known by the name of *Nicotine*, and is remarkable for an unusual combination of properties. In its separate and pure form, it has been demonstrated to be a *virulent poison*, when administered internally, acting as rapidly as prussic acid or strychnine. A single drop of the oil injected into the body of a cat by Sir Benjamin Brodie, caused its death in five minutes; and double that quantity administered in the same manner to a dog was followed by the same result. An instance occurred in Brussels, in 1846, of a homicide produced in a few minutes by a small quantity of nicotine being forced into the mouth of the victim. * * * * *

But its most powerful effects are upon the nervous system, and the mental faculties. In very moderate quantities, it sometimes quiets restlessness, and produces a state of general languor; but when extensively used it often produces confusion of the head, dizziness, stupor, faintness, nausea and vomiting, and great debility of the circulation, frequently resulting in alarming and sometimes fatal prostration. Coldness of the skin, and occasional convulsions are produced by its long continued and excessive use in the form of smoking and chewing.

The action of the heart is affected by it directly through the nervous system. Other functions also, especially those of digestion, are enfeebled by its abundant use, thereby preventing nutrition and producing emaciation and general debility, and, as a secondary consequence, impairing the tone of all the other functions and diminishing the growth and development of the entire body, and also of the mental powers. * * *

Its *narcotic* property produces a depressing and sedative effect, which, when not needed for the relief of suffering, is more or less exhaustive of the nervous functions, and hence depresses nearly all the other functions, especially the digestive, circulating and muscular powers, which depend upon the integrity and capacity of the nervous system for their full and healthful operations.

From several distinguished medical authorities, illustrations will now be quoted of the evil influences of tobacco manifested by other striking effects.

Mons. Decaisne, in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, exhibits another clause in the heavy bill of indictment against its use. In the course of three years he met, among 88 inveterate smokers, 21 instances of marked *intermission of the pulse*, occurring in men from 27 to 42 years of age, which could not be explained by any organic lesion of the heart, thus proving it to be caused by disturbance of the nerves which control that organ. In nine of these cases, when the use of tobacco was abandoned, the normal action of the the circulation was restored. The condition of the heart in these cases he terms "Narcotism," and is characterized by intermission of the movements of that organ, and of the pulsation of the arteries. A suspension of the practice of smoking is sufficient in some cases to cause an entire disappearance of this irregularity.

The opinion has long been entertained that tobacco is a frequent cause of *loss of sight*. The diseased condition of the eyes produced by it is a species of amaurosis (paralysis of the optic nerve), commencing with symptoms of functional brain disease, and alterations of the supply of blood to the optic nerve and retina. These affections occur in large excess in adult males, being very infrequent in women, and a large portion of those who suffer from it have been smokers.

All the friends of our Republic must feel grieved at the noted illustration of the influence of tobacco smoking in producing dyspepsia, manifested in the case of one of the most popular heroes of the union army, the responsibility of whose present position requires the most vigorous health of all his physical and mental faculties, but which, from his profuse indulgence in the habit, are likely at any moment to be seriously impaired, to the injury of the government, as well as of himself.

It is specially desirable by the whole country that in his particular case the favor of total abstinence from this useless and dangerous practice may be speedily GRANT-ED. * * * * * *

CANCER.

Cancer of the lips frequently occurs among smokers, especially on the side on which the segar or pipe is held. From this form of cancer, women are almost entirely exempt. * * * * * *

The following testimonial of a very distinguished hygienist can doubtless be confirmed by thousands of tobacco smokers.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Dio Lewis:

"LEXINGTON, May 13th, 1867.

"In my own mouth I have the most unmistakable proof of the mischievous influence of tobacco smoke, having while I was in college been a great smoker, and spoiled two teeth above and two below; parts that were directly affected by inhalation of the smoke."

In addition to its effects upon the teeth, the tip of the tongue which also receives the deleterious fluid, is often blistered by it.

There is good reason for the belief that many cases of the jaw-bone, whose causes have been obscure, were the result of poisoning of the teeth by this liquid, and the possibility of this, as a source of disease, should be constantly borne in mind.

The manner in which this destruction of the teeth is effected is by the Nicotine contained in the smoke and in the tobacco itself being absorbed by the saliva and by the particles of food remaining in the mouth after eating; it is thus brought in direct contact with the teeth, destroying the enamel first, and afterwards rotting their whole structure. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a considerable portion of the services now required of dentists in this and in other countries, which have enormously increased of late years, is derived from the tooth-rotting effects of tobacco smoking and chewing.

The peculiarly disgusting odor of the breath of every smoker and chewer, for a long time after the practice, is positive proof of the retention in the mouth of the poisonous essence to which the teeth-destroying effects are attributable. The same effluvium is also carried into the lungs by inhalation, thus showing how the general influences hereafter described are produced.

Another popular idea of the value of tobacco which has largely promoted its use, is its supposed property of preventing malarious and other fevers. There has never been offered any scientifically based reason for this opinion, though it has largely prevailed among smokers, etc. The following statement given by an experienced physician, Dr. Samuel E. Wills, most decidedly demonstrates the absurdity of this notion.

"CECILTON, MARYLAND, Sep. 23d, 1867.

"*To the Editor of the Med. and Surg. Reporter:*

"In reply to Dr. W. S. King's inquiry in the "*Reporter* of the 14th inst, relative to the prophylactic virtues of tobacco in malarious fevers, I beg leave to say, my observations for the last twenty-five years as a practitioner of medicine, part of the time in the Chickahominy region of Virginia, and the last twenty years on the eastern shore of Maryland, do not corroborate the theory that tobacco possesses any such property. Habitual chewers and smokers, both women and men, have been as frequently numbered among my intermittent cases, as those who never use tobacco." * * *

PARALYSIS.†

That affections of the nervous system have enormously increased in other countries, as well as in this, especially in France, there is positive evidence; and this increase is found to be in men, almost entirely made up of cases of progressive paralysis (now forming more than 60 per cent. of the total in France), and whenever, in the asylums, the history of such cases has been investigated, their dependence on the abuse of tobacco has been rendered obvious. In 1836, a committee from the Queen's College of Physicians in London, in a report on the cause of death by apoplexy, within the city, stated that the bills of mortality from this disease were very large, and that seven in nine cases of paralysis and apoplexy were caused by the use of tobacco; of this number more than one half were caused by snuffing. In confirmation of this is the rarity with which this form of the disease is met with in female lunatics. * *

One of the many temptations for indulgence in tobacco smoking is the opinion expressed by some professional men that the moderate use of it after meals tends to promote digestion. The reason given for this is that it excites a large flow of saliva, and thereby sympathically increases the secretion of gastric juice. Admitting this to be true for argument sake, the idea is insufficient to justify indulgence in the habit, for the following reasons: *First*, because of the ultimate dangers threatened by it, and, *second*, because there are many other equally good promoters of digestion, which may be employed with perfect safety, and without any evil influences upon either the physical or mental powers. *Third*, a still more potent objection is one heretofore mentioned, viz: that its frequent practice, which is an almost certain result, is very apt to produce dyspepsia of the most serious character, besides the numerous other evils heretofore, and hereafter to be, described.

Another serious disorder has also been noticed, as derived from the practice of smoking, viz.: Deafness. M. Triquet states,† that, in both smokers and drinkers, an insidious and obstinate form of Otitis (inflammation of the ear) frequently becomes developed. * *

Numerous other instances might be quoted, illustrative of the injurious and often fatal properties, but the preceding facts demonstrate sufficiently the poisonous influence of tobacco upon the physical functions, and the published cases are but a small fraction of what must have occurred; it is therefore very plain that the sufferers from the indulgence in the pernicious practice of tobacco chewing and smoking, are far more numerous than is known to the public, and there can be no reasonable doubt that many lives are lost thereby, which are attributed either to other and erroneous causes, or included under the common verdict "the visitation of Providence," inasmuch as no organic lesions are discoverable.

There is yet another branch of this subject, compared with which the physical effects heretofore alluded to are of comparatively trifling importance, viz.: the disturbance and impairment of the mental faculties. The proofs of this are as plain as those already given of its physical effects, demonstrations of which will now be given, showing that Nicotine, like Opium and Alcohol, has a very marked and peculiar influence in that direction. * * * * * * *

A further and more serious result of the free use of tobacco now to be mentioned, is the total impairment of the intellectual faculties, in other words, the production of Insanity. In the reports of the Lunatic Asylums of this and other countries, this is very frequently included in the list of causes of this sad condition, and the evidences of its influence upon the mental powers are so direct and clear as to be unmistakable. The great increase in the numbers of lunatics during recent years, in various civilized countries, presents a marked parallel with the increased use of this poisonous substance. * *

A very important fact illustrative of the relations of Tobacco and Insanity has recently been brought to light in France by a paper laid before the Academy of Sciences, viz.; that insanity increases in proportion to the amount of tobacco used. Thus it is said that between 1812 and 1832 (20 years) the tax on tobacco produced 28,000,000 of francs, and the lunatic asylums of the country contained 8,000 patients. Since that time, the tobacco revenue has reached the sum of 180,000,000 of francs, and the number of lunatic and paralytic patients has increased to 44,000.

This increase of revenue is about 650 per cent. and the increase of the disease 550 per cent., very nearly the same proportions. These facts are certainly well worth the consideration of every human being, especially of those with whom the pernicious practice has already become a fixed habit, or a second nature.

Let all reflect, ere it be too late, on the frightful warning contained in the above statistics. The last words of the individual who reported them, should be deeply impressed upon every mind, especially of the young. He said, "Immoderate use of tobacco, and more especially of the pipe, produces a weakness of the brain, and of the spinal marrow, which causes madness." * * * *

One of the most common and serious effects is the demand for alcoholic drinks, to satisfy the extreme thirst, and obviate the prostration of the physical functions resulting from the high temperature and the narcotic influence of the burning weed.

There is no doubt that a large amount of the intemperance now so prevalent, is the immediate and direct effect of tobacco chewing and smoking, and no individual, however safe he may feel himself against intemperance before yielding to the temptation of tobacco smoking, can rely upon himself to avoid it after considerable indulgence in the latter practice, as both his moral and intellectual sensibilities are almost certain to become impaired, which fact he cannot himself appreciate. It is therefore difficult and almost impossible for a confirmed lover of tobacco to avoid the terrible evils of intemperance.

Having thus demonstrated, by numerous verified facts, the very frequent and almost universal influences of this singular plant, upon the physical, intellectual, moral and social qualities of man, it now only remains to decide whether that being made in the image of God, and endowed with faculties superior to all other created beings, and alone possessed of the power to discriminate between right and wrong, is justifiable to the least extent in indulging in a habit which impairs those noble faculties thus bestowed upon him.

* A species of numbness characterized by vertigo, and a degree of intoxication or apoplexy, accompanied with convulsive motions.
† Annales d'Oculistique. Amer. Jour. Med. Science, Oct. 1865.

Lippincott's Magazine for August contains an article on the "Claims of the Bondholders," by Hon. Amasa Walker, which is well worth a careful perusal. It is one of the ablest and clearest statements of the disputed question which has yet appeared.

The paper on "Smoking," by J. Vaughan Darling, is a feeble defence of the use of tobacco. The other contributions are as follows; Part eight of R. H. Davis' serial romance of "Dallas Galbraith," "Echo Notch," by R. Morris Smith; "Our Globe in 1868," by Professor Schele de Vere; "In a Month," by Miss Anne Brewster; "A Month's Holiday in Germany," by Ellis Yarnall; "Providence," by Edward E. Law; "A Winter's Night in a Wintery Place," "Alas! Poor Ghost," by Leonard Kip; "Leathern Men," by Henry T. Tuckerman; "Madame La Duchesse," by Mrs. R. M. Hooper; "My Acquaintance with Planchette," by Rev. Samuel W. Duffield; "A Nocturne by Chopin," by C. F. Daniel; "Garibaldi and Italy," by Edward S. Cross; "Our Monthly Gossip," and "Literature of the Day."

The Galaxy for August opens with the story "Kit Grals," with an illustration by Eytinge. The description of "A Journey through Mongolia," is by Col. T. W. Know. "Saved by a Bullet," revives unpleasant reminiscenses of the late war. Sophie May contributes the story of "Adam and Eve," which stripped of its Quaker setting, has but little interest. George Wakeman, in an article called "Literary Transfer Work," endeavors to show how little originality there is among writers and speakers. Richard Grant White furnishes some suggestive criticisms on "Words and their Uses." L. C. Davis gives a very pleasant sketch of the personal and artistic characters of "Two Artists of Comedy"—Maggie Mitchell and Mary Gannon. "Beechdale," by Marian Harland is continued and the "Miscellany," "Drift-Wood," "Literature and Art," with "Nebulæ" conclude the table of contents. The illustrations, drawn by Messrs. Homer and Eytinge and engraved by W. J. Linton, are of a high order.

Macaulay's essay on Milton and Machiavelli has been issued in London in a sixpenny edition.

Many of the English papers think Longfellow's "Hiawatha" his best poem, and say it is his only original work.

Bayard Taylor is expected home early in September. He has been hard at work, while abroad, upon his translation of Faust.

MEETING OF THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION.

A meeting of this Society will be held in the Grove of Silas E. Burrows, Esq., near the Taylor House, on the west bank of Mystic River, half a mile north of MYSTIC RIVER VILLAGE, (CONN.), on THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH, at 10 o'clock, A.M. Speakers are expected from Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New York, Providence and other places.

Friends of reform are invited.

L. K. JOSLIN,
JONATHAN WHIPPLE,
JULIA CROUCH,
Z. P. WHITE, and others,
Committee.

Our readers have observed that we rarely praise patent medicines, and that we advertise only the very best of them. But now, the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Rice, of Canastota, from her distressing and almost helpless scrofulous disease, which is known throughout the community, and unquestionably the effect of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, leads us to publish without reserve the remarkable efficacy of this medicine. We do this in the interest of the afflicted. Any remedy which can so effectually "raise one from the dead," should be universally known; and we wish it may be universally as successful as it has been in the case of Mrs. Rice.—*Daily Journal, Syracuse.*

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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church.)
AND
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)
These foreign periodicals are regularly republished by us in the same style as heretofore. Those who know them and who

Miscellaneous Department.

GEMS from "The Spanish Gypsy," by George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede." [In press by Ticknor & Fields.]

DAY IS DYING.

Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flow'r
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.

NIGHT.

So soft a night was never made for sleep,
But for the working of the finer sense
To every murmuring and gentle sound,
To subtlest odors, pulses, visitings
That touch our frames with wings too delicate
To be discerned amid the blaze of day.
Surely these flowers keep happy watch—their breath
Is their fond memory of the loving light.
I often rue the hour I lose in sleep:
It is a bliss too brief, only to see
This glorious world, to hear the voice of love,
To feel the touch, the breath of tenderness,
And then to rest as from a spectacle.
I need the curtained stillness of the night
To live through all my happy hours again
With more selection—cull them quite away
From blemished moments. Then in loneliness
The face that bent before me in the day
Rises in its own light, more vivid seems
Painted upon the dark, and ceaseless glows
With sweet solemnity of gazing love,
Till like the heavenly blue it seems to grow
Nearer, more kindred, and more cherishing,
Mingling with all my being.

SPANISH PICTURES.

I.

While Juan sang, all round the tavern court
Gathered a constellation of black eyes.
Fat Lola leaned upon the balcony
With arms that might have pillowed Hercules
(Who built, 'tis known, the mightiest Spanish towns);
Thin Alda's face, sad as a wasted passion,
Leaned o'er the coral-biting baby's; 'twixt the rails
The Little Pepe showed his two black beads,
His flat-ringed hair and small Semitic nose
Complete and tiny as a new-born minnow;
Patting his head and holding in her arms
The baby senior, stood Lorenzo's wife
All negligent, her 'kerchief discomposed
By little clutches, woman's coquetry
Quite turned to mother's cares and sweet content.
These on the balcony, while at the door
Gazed the lank boys and lazy-shoulderpd men.
'Tis likely too the rats and insects peeped,
Being southern Spanish ready for a lounge.

II.

We see the company, above their heads
The braided matting, golden as ripe corn,
Stretched in a curving strip close by the grapes,
Elsewhere rolled back to greet the cooler sky;
A fountain near, vase-shapen and broad-lipped,
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,
And fly away again with undipped beak.
On the stone floor the juggler's heaped-up goods,
Carpet and hoops, viol and tambourine,
Where Annibal sits perched with brows severe,
A serious ape whom none take seriously,
Obliged in this fool's world to earn his nuts
By hard buffoonery. We see then all,
And hear their talk—the talk of Spanish men,
With Southern intonation, vowels turned
Caressingly between the consonants,
Persuasive, willing, with such intervals
As music borrows from the wooing birds,
That plead with subtly curving, sweet descent—
And yet can quarrel, as these Spaniards can.

III.

'Tis daylight still, but now the golden cross
Uplifted by the angel on the dome
Stands rayless in calm color, clear-defined
Against the northern blue; from turrets high
The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing
Dark-hid till morning, and the battlements
Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
By summers generous and winters bland.
Now in the east the distance casts its veil,
And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs
Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
Of cactus green and blue, broad-sworded aloes;
The cypress soaring black above the lines
Of white court-walls; the jointed sugar-canes
Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
In the warm quiet; all thought-teaching form
Utters itself in firm unshimmering hues.
For the great rock has screened the westering sun
That still on plains beyond streams vaporous gold
Among the branches; and within Bedmär
Has come the time of sweet serenity
When color glows unglittering, and the soul
Of visible things shows silent happiness,
As that of lovers trusting though apart.
The ripe-cheeked fruits, the crimson-petalled flowers;
The winged life that pausing seems a gem
Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf;
The face of man with hues supremely blent
To difference fine as a voice 'mid sounds:
Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
Lies still, yet conscious, with clear opened eyes
And gentle breath and mild suffused joy.
'Tis day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones—
Tones such as linger in a long farewell.

CRETAN AFFAIRS.

[From the London Daily News, July 7th, 1868.]

A correspondent from whom we have received many interesting and picturesque letters, writes to us from Syra, which he is now revisiting after a year's absence, previous to running the blockade into Crete, and says that although the Turkish government, according to its own showing, long since put down the Cretan insurrection, the insurgents can defend themselves for a long time yet; that they are very strong in the centre of the island; and that they have a secure footing in the eastern districts, where formerly the influence of the movement was only beginning to be felt. The two years of conflict have cost Turkey 40,000 of her best troops, her army is weaker now than it was last year, and there is no likelihood that she will succeed in quelling the insurrection this summer.

We give below an extract from the letter to which the paragraph just quoted refers. The writer of the letter is Mr. Hilary Skinner, whose appeal on behalf of the wounded patriots in Crete our readers may well remember. Mr. Skinner is now waiting at Syra for a dark night to run the blockade, that he may convey to Crete the ambulance help so sadly needed.

"It is just now the dullest season in Athens, the King and Queen are out of town—at Kiphissia, ten miles away—and so are most of those who can afford a trip into the country or sojourn at the seaside. Only the members of Parliament remain behind to carry on the dispute of Bulgaris and Comoundouros. Socially viewed, Athens is very dull in this month of June, yet there was plenty of hearty enjoyment and plenty of boyish glee in last Thursday's demonstration before the Hotel des Etrangers. Here were assembled some hundreds of young Cretans, belonging to the American missionary schools, to welcome Mr. Tuckerman, the newly-arrived representative of the United States of America. It was one of those dry, dusty evenings so common at this time of year, with the purple light on the mountain tops melting into the more vivid glow of sunset, and the noble panorama of Attica displayed in all its beauty. An evening this to bring people out of doors, despite the dust, and make them almost forget their broiling detention of so many hours in the house. Here, in front of the neat little hotel on the public square near King George's palace was assembled, as I have said, a crowd of young Cretans, of refugees from Turkish soil—if Crete may be supposed to answer to such a name. These little fellows, with their motley collection of odd and end garments, with their sunburned faces and dilapidated boots, are the sons and brothers of those who remain fighting for freedom among the Cretan mountains. The surrounding crowd is keenly alive to this fact, and hopes for some token of American sympathy, but it has been arranged that nothing shall take place to compromise the neutrality of America, and although Mr. Tuckerman speaks warmly of his interest in the scene before him, he does not directly allude to the situation of Crote. This becomes clear to the crowd as the speech is translated to them by Dr. King, for his is a plain matter of fact translation with no flourish of oratory about it. Yet the Athenians are glad to see some sort of approach to the subject uppermost in their thoughts, and they watch every movement of the group in yonder balcony with breathless attention."

F. E. H. SKINNER.

THE PLEASURES OF SKIPPING.

As the number of books that are merely to be tested is increasing with a prodigious rapidity, in contrast with those others that are worthy of being swallowed or even chewed and digested, it follows that there must be a proportionate extension of the notable practice of skipping. Much crude writing makes many careless readers. It would be a pity if this were not so; that people should take much pains over productions with which no pains have been taken in preparation would only involve a double waste. Skipping is a natural protest against bad and careless writing, and people with a love of their kind can only rejoice as they watch readers in clubs, railway carriages, or drawing-rooms, turn over twenty, thirty, or in extreme cases, even fifty pages at a time with a vigorous and significant impatience. This process is one's only protection against the thousand impertinences or stupidities of a tiresome author. In the days of our youth skipping was a prohibited practice, deemed thoroughly injurious to the young mind, like sweet things to the young stomach. The same system which would not tolerate that boys and girls should refuse to eat fat, or should pick out the plums of their pudding and leave the heavy floury portion, was equally stern in its injunction that if they began a book they should finish it, and not only finish it—for this, in their own construction of the term, they would have only been too glad to do—but read it straight through from beginning to end, without the omission of a page or a paragraph.

To skip was held to be the fatal symptom of that laxity of mind which might in time lead to results so distressing as an aversion to sermons, a passion for pastry, a preference for fiction over solid information, and other similar depravities. And so any boy with an ambition to be thought of good promise was bound by the exigencies of his position to read through fifth-rate books with a steady unflagging zeal that was only due to better books than any to which he was allowed to have access. The results might well be about as fatal to love of study as compulsory attendance through the whole of many prolonged services is supposed to be to love of religion. People who had been sedulously taught that no book is worth reading at all which is not worth reading through, most naturally grew up to be sadly sceptical as to the number of books that are worth reading; and, coming to the realization of their views, made a point of reading little or nothing. But this sort of theory, extending as it did in one shape or another, all over the field of education, is dying out; and skipping, no longer a mark of depravity, has come to rank, even in young persons, as a very allowable luxury. Relaxation of discipline in other matters has been found not to lessen, but to increase morality, and in reading it probably stimulates rather than blunts the appetite for the sounder part of books. Besides, it marks a very salutary decline in the reverence for authors.

In days when the public opinion frowned upon skipping, the author passed for a being of finer make and clay than his admiring or awe-struck readers, and the discouraging consequence of this was that the latter often took themselves to be much worse fools than they really were, and accepted for gospel a good many things which, if they had not been printed in a book, they would have very peremptorily scouted. This queer superstition is now confined to the smaller towns. Here, the heavy way in which time hangs on the hands of the inhabitants, together with a certain ponderosity and sluggishness of judgment which naturally beget modesty, combine to make people unwilling to miss even the dull parts of books, and they trudge steadily through for an idea as they would trudge through heavy fallows for a bird. They reckon that it all comes into the day's work; and besides, a man must have reached a certain pitch of critical acuteness which is not by any means universal in country places, in order to be able clearly to distinguish the lively chapters from the dull chapters—a rudimentary power of discrimination which is quite indispensable for really judicious skipping. But elsewhere, this early difficulty having been overcome with some success and judgement, the prestige of authorship is not particularly irresistable.

To have learnt to skip with resolution is to have constituted yourself your author's superior. It means that you despise him as dull, or dread him as incomprehensible, or hate him for being perverse or paradoxical. In any case, it is the author who goes to the bottom, and probably in at least nine cases out of ten he deserves his fate. Let us reflect what a fine and just confidence this gives to many meritorious persons who would otherwise crawl in unwholesome humility through the pages of incompetent pretenders to their unquestioning and unfaltering attention. It is true that now and again, in the case of every tenth author, for example, they may skip hastily, and arrogate a superiority which is far from belonging to them. Accidents of this sort may happen no doubt. A man, or, still more frequently we suspect, a woman, accustomed to skip with promptitude and decision, cannot help an occasional mishap, and such readers find that they have been snubbing a real thinker or a real artist, or that they have incontinently skipped the best passages, and so sacrificed their public pretensions to taste and judgment. But after all, we must balance things, and the habitual skipper may set against this occasional risk of a misfortune the certain advantages of saving a great deal of time, of averting a great deal of weariness, of missing much dilution and much dullness, and of acquiring in a general way a thoroughly good opinion of his critical faculty.

London Saturday Review.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

MRS. H. A. DEMING of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given below:

LIFE.

1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2—Life's a short summer—man a flower;

3—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.

5—To be is better far than not to be,
6—Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;

7—But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10—Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.

11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;

13—Custom does not often reason overrule,
14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

15—Live well, how long or short permit to heaven;
16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;

19—Then keep each passion down however dear,
20—Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear:

21—Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22—With craft and skill—to ruin and betray.

23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24—We masters grow of all that we despise.

25—O then renounce that impious self-esteem;
26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

29—What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,
30—Only destructive to the brave and great.

31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

33—How long we live not years, but actions, tell:
34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

35—Make then while yet ye may your God your friend,
36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

37—The trust that's given guard and to yourself be just;
38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1 Young, 2 Dr. Johnson, 3 Pope, 4 Prior, 5 Sewell, 6 Spenser, 7 Daniel, 8 Sir Walter Raleigh, 9 Longfellow, 10 Southwell, 11 Congreve, 12 Churchill, 13 Rochester, 14 Armstrong, 15 Milton, 16 Baily, 17 Trench, 18 Somerville, 19 Thompson, 20 Byron, 21 Smollet, 22 Crabbe, 23 Massinger, 24 Cowley, 25 Beattie, 26 Cowper, 27 Sir Walter Davenant, 28 Grey, 29 Willis, 30 Addison, 31 Dryden, 32 Frances Quarles, 33 Watkins, 34 Herrick, 35 William Mason, 36 Hill, 37 Dana, 38 Shakspeare.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE YOUNG.

THE universe, grand, glorious, and beautiful as it is, can be truly enjoyed only through the worship as well as the knowledge of the great Being that created it. Among people where there is no true knowledge of God, the errors, superstitions, and sufferings of a false religion always rush in to fill the vacuum.

There is not a faculty nor a susceptibility in the nature of man, from the lightning-like intuitions that make him akin to the cherubim, or the fire and fervor of affection that assimilate him to seraphic beings, down to the lowest appetites and desires by which he holds brotherhood with beast and worm—there is not one of them all that will ever be governed by its proper law, or enjoy a full measure of the gratification it was adapted to feel, without a knowledge of the true God, without a sense of acting in harmony with his will, and without spontaneous effusions of gratitude for his goodness. Convictions and sentiments such as these can alone supply the vacuity in the soul of man, and fill with significance and loveliness what would otherwise be a blank and hollow universe.

How limited and meagre, too, would be the knowledge which should know all things else, but still be ignorant of the self-existent Author of all! What is the exquisite beauty of flowers, of foliage, or of plumage, if we know nothing of the great Limner who has painted them, and blended their colors with such marvellous skill? So the profundity of all science is shallowness, if we know nothing of the eternal Mind that projected all sciences, and made their laws so exact and harmonious, that all the objects in an immensity can move onward throughout an eternity without deviation or error. In the acquisition of whatever art, or in the pursuit of whatever science, there is a painful sense of incompleteness and imperfection while we remain untaught in any great department known to belong to it. And so, in the development and culture of the human soul, we are conscious not merely of the want of symmetry, but of gross disfigurement and mutilation, when the noblest and most enduring part of an appropriate development and culture is wanting. In merely an artistical point of view, to be presented with the torso of Hercules, or with the truncated body of Minerva, when we were expecting to behold the fullness of their majestic proportions, would be less painful and shocking than a system of human culture from which religious culture should be omitted.

So, too, if the subject be viewed in relation to all the pure and loftier affections and susceptibilities of the human soul, the results are the same. If, in surveying the highest states of perfection which the character of man has ever yet reached upon earth, we select from among the whole circle of our personal or historical acquaintances those who are adorned with the purest quality and the greatest number of excellences as the objects of our most joyful admiration and love, why should not the soul be lifted into sublimer ecstacies, and into raptures proportionately more exalted and enduring, if it could be raised to the contemplation of Him whose "name alone is excellent?" If we delight in exhibitions of power, why should we pass heedlessly by the All-powerful? If human hearts are touched with deeds of mercy, there is One whose tender mercies are over all his works. If we reverence wisdom, there is such perfect wisdom on high, that that of angels becomes "folly" in its presence. If we love the sentiment of love, has not the apostle told us that God is love? There are many endearing objects upon earth from which the heart of man may be sundered; but he only is bereaved of all things who is bereaved of his Father in heaven.

Horace Mann's report for 1848.

AN OPINION ABOUT BABIES.—Tommy Taft, the old sailor, in "Norwood," says:

"Parson Buell, it's the unaccountablest thing what the Lord sends children into this world for, considerin' what sort of a place 'tis, and what a time folks have in gettin' thro' it. Lord! They die off like apple blossoms, half on 'em, afore they're bigger'n mice. And the rest of 'em have a hard time gettin' grown, and when you've got 'em growed, half the folks are paddling round as if they didn't exactly know what they came on airth for; and nobody can tell 'em for that matter. I never see babies but I think how we used to have birds come aboard ship, way out to sea—land-birds, and so tired, poor little things, and hungry. You could go up to 'em and take 'em in your hand, and they turned up their bright eyes with such a piteous look at you, as if they had come from ever so far, and lost their way, and didn't know where they were. Wall, that's about what I think of babies. What do they come off to this 'ere world for?"

ISN'T IT WORSE FOR A MAN, FATHER?

IT is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I only chewed a little, but I did enjoy my cigar. I prided on my fine Havana, and might have been seen almost any morning with a cigar in my mouth, walking down Broadway in a most comfortable manner.

The way it happened that I left off was this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as the school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting as such dear little fellows only can.

The city has in it many dirty uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes and with their hands in their pockets, puff away in a very inelegant manner.

One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as awful warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the city authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. His bright little face was upturned and these words came to my ear.

"Isn't it worse for a man, father?"

I looked down at the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he had said something bold and unfitting.

"Do you think it worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, boys would not want to smoke and chew tobacco, if men did not do it?"

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form.

HIRAM POWERS showed his genius by making some excellent wax figures for Dorfeul's Museum, a well-known place of amusement in the West, thirty years ago. Among other figures, he made one of Alexander Drake, a popular comedian at that time. Some of Power's friends were so much pleased with his work that they invited the newspaper critics to look at it; among them one notorious for his hypercriticism, and believed to be something of a pretender withal. The particular critic came in the evening, when the museum was dimly lighted, and took his position before the glass case. After gazing at the figure very intently for five minutes, he said to Powers, who was at his elbow—"There are some good points about this, Hiram, but it has some extraordinary defects. The nose is too long entirely, and the mouth has a queer twist. One arm is longer than the other. The position, too, is very unnatural. No man could stand in that way if he tried—it would be utterly impossible. I don't see, Hiram, how you could make such a blunder." Powers laughed and inquired the of figure—"What do you think of it, Drake?" The figure immediately stepped out of the case, and bursting into a loud laugh said, "I think the position pretty natural myself." The critic did not hear the last of the jest to his dying day, and never afterwards spoke to the facetious sculptor.

A UNIQUE DEDICATION.

THE following is the dedication of Nasby's new book, "Ekkoes from Kentucky," just published by Lee & Shepard:

DEDICASHUN.

Ez no one who is worldly-wise worships the settin sun, but alluz the risin orb,
This Book is NOT dedikated to Androo Johnson, whose sands uv life is neerly run out,
And who cannot remove me from my Post Office, owin to the restrainin power uv the Tenur uv Offis act,
BUT RUTHER TO
GEO. E. PENDLETON,
of Ohio;
GENERAL GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
When last heerd uv, in Dresden, Germany;
HORASHO SEYMORE,
uv Noo York; or
FRANKLIN PEERSE,
uv Noo Hampsheer;
One uv wich is certin of succeedin the individjeoel fust named upon this page, and uv hevin, therefore, the dispo-sin uv patronage, in case we succeed in 1868,
THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,
With sentimence of profound respeck,
BY THE AUTHOR.
{P. O. stamp} P. O. CONFEDERIT X ROADS, (wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky,)
Dec. 1, 1867.

TALMUDIC PROVERBS. Even when the gates of prayer are shut in Heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the one who has lost it—well may he weep.

The reward of good words is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend—be discreet.

The camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, and mount a step in choosing a friend.

If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself.

One eats; another says grace.

He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self, and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in a man to be capable of being ashamed.

In Paris one of the fashionable diversions now is to pass an hour in the air in a balloon, which is held down by a stout cable; and elegant ladies and gentlemen take their afternoon airing thus instead of on wheels.

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EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

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